

# LETTERS AND POEMS

In Honour of the  
Incomparable Princess,  
MARGARET,  
DUTCHESS of  
NEWCASTLE.

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*In the SAVOY:*

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LETTERS

POEMS

In Honour of

George Washington

ALAN

THE

NEW

Printed by Thomas Newcomb

in Boston





# LETTERS, &c.

*Hague, the 28<sup>th</sup> of November, 1658.*

MADAM,



According to your Excellencies command, I have been of purpose at *Leyden*, and there delivered your Present into the hands of the *Rector Magnificus* (as we call him) of the University, who some days after hath made a solemn exhibition of it to the Lords Curators, in a publique meeting of the whole Academical Senate, and, in their name, hath sent me the Letter here enclosed; by which I hope the faithful discharge of my Ambassage shall be testified, and give your Excellency  
 B occasion

occasion of further Employment to bestow upon the unworthy person,

*Madam, of*

This Letter came but even now from *Leiden*, so that I hope your Excellency will not suspect any negligence in me.

*Your Excellencies Humble*

*and Obedient Servant,*

*Huygens de Zulichem.*

ILLUSTRISSIMA DOMINA,

**O**btulit Bibliothecæ publicæ Zulichemi Dominus Divinum ingenii vestri fœtū, qui sive prosa sive Carmine omnem admirationem excedit. Princeps ingenii, Princeps terrarum, Princeps fœminini sexus merito diceris. Abripitur fœcunda tua erudito, per cœlos, terras, maria, & quicquid in natura, vel civili vita, ullove Scientiarum genere, nobile occurrit. Ipsa Pallas Academiæ nostræ præses Tibi assurgit, gratiâsque immensas pro vestro munere agit, & cum Imaginem vestram aspicit, se ipsam veluti in speculo intueri videtur. Vale

Illustrissima Domina

Virtutum vestrarum

Date Lugduni Batavorum XXVIII. Novem. MDCLVIII.

Admirator & Cultor summus,

*Anthוניus Thysius,*

Academiæ Rector.

Excellen-

## EXCÉLLENTISSIMA DUX,

**A**Lter ferè mensis est, quòd votis omnibus expeditum munus Epistolas tuas accepimus: neque tamen interea temporis ab officio cessavimus, sed vel in honore Nuncupationis nos jactavimus, vel obstupimus in admiratione Operis, in quo multa tam acutè, tam aptè, tam elegantè exponis, ne nec Venus, aut Lepor aliquid addant. Scilicèt hoc demum animi, hoc consilii, hoc ingenii tui, hoc ejus est spei, quam annos aliquot jam sustines amplificandæ Philosophiæ. Nam cave Te quæsumus, ne Cantabrigiæ quenquam esse credas tam infacetum, & à Gratiis alienum, quem non mirificè delectent Literarumistarum amœnitates; Propterea, (quæ felicissimè recludis) arcana Naturæ non aliter atque secretiores Sacrorum ritus, & ceremonias Universi inspicimus, laudamus, amplectimur, & inter legendum etiam per paginas dispensamus oscula, sed ea quæ soli Philosophi dare, & accipere Vestales ipsæ nequaquam erubescerent. Nondum (quod scimus) Annalibus excidère, neque certè per nos unquam excident erudita nomina, Aspasia Periclis, Odenati Zenobia, Polla Lucani, Boethii Rusticiana; quæ tamen, si reviviscerent hodiè, adeò tecum (Inclyta Dux) de eruditionis palmâ non contenderent, at famæ tuæ potiùs ancillantes, solam Margaretam, consummatissimam Principem & agnoscerent, & posito genu certatim adorarent. Illæ namque pluvias tantum hic illic aquas collegère: Tu perenni gurgite passim exundas: Illis interdum adspiravère Musæ, quæ suam in Te potestatem omnem ostendère: Illæ denique partitæ sunt doctrinam: Tu studiorum omne genus versu, & prosâ non modò tetigisti, verum etiam tractasti: nec alios tandem indagationi tuæ fines proposuisti, quàm quos ipsa rerum Natura admittit; quàmobrèm, etsi (velut Aquila in nubibus) quicquid ve-

naris



*naris, capis, nusquam tamen major nobis, aut illustrior videre, quàm in nuperis istis Sapientiæ commissionibus et enim invidendâ planè dexteritate vel Tirones semitam ingressos reducis in viam; vel nitedulas è senticetis suis extrahis; vel hostes veritatis destringis & defricas, Heroïna monstris ex orbe Scientiarum averruncandis genita. Perge (Dux invictissima) & (quo incæpisti successu) in hac immortalitatis Palæstrâ Te (si placet) diutiùs exerce; Nos quidem ut antea semper, ita nunc quoque tanto tibi studio ubique favemus, ut majori non possimus.*

*Cantabrigiæ è frequenti  
Senatu 3 Nonas Maii.  
1665.*

*Celsitudini tuæ addictissimi*

*Procancellarius, reliquusque*

*Senatus Academ. Cantabr.*

**MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,**

**W**E have lately with extraordinary joy received the two testimonies of Your great mind and favor towards us, namely your Epistles and Poems, with which your Grace hath been pleased to honor us, both which we embrace with the same mind with which we do all Sublime and Excellent things, which so long as there is any Curtesy among men, do bring Fame to their Authors. In your Poesy we praise that Life and native Verdure, every way consistent with it self, Castalian like, it stands not still, nor boils over, but with a gentle Stream doth touch our Ears, and slide into our minds. In your Philosophy we praise that lightsome and piercing accuteness, nothing constrained, nothing obscure; you render all things clear and genuine, indeed



deed nature truly natural: So difficult to men is nature and truth. Alas how do they vex and pursue her fleeing from them; others suppose her to be swallowed in Whirlepoole, (as another *Scylla* or *Charibdis*) such a one indeed as they do commonly find to be of report or opinion: others grope for her in a vain Vacuity with the like success: yea, some there are which seek her among Ghosts and Goblins, as if she were some Witch, or Sorcerers; some offer violence to her, and put her to the rack, and make her rather Lie then Confess. To your Grace she doth freely open and unbowel her self, fearing to be branded with incivility if she should deny; Your Grace only amongst Women owes nothing to Nature: for how much soever she hath graced you with an incomparable lustre in your Feature, or pregnancy of Wit, your Grace hath returned all of it in these Elegancies of Philosophy and Poesie, with a most excellent retaliation. Lastly, lest we should be further troublesome to your Grace, we wish we could speak out and publish to the World, what Thanks we conceive in our Minds for this so genuine and proper a Gift, so fraught with sweetest Elegancies; Then, though there be so vast a disproportion between your Graces Favours and our Merits, our distance would be so much the less: Farewel most Noble Princess, long may your Grace live, who are an ornament to Learning, and a Patroness to the Learned and us, who are,

*Your Graces most devoted Servants  
in all Duty and Reverence,*

The Master and Fellows of the Colledge of St. John  
the Evangelist in the University of Cambridge.

C

Illustris.

## ILLUSTRISSIMA PRINCEPS,

**L**ibros tuos eximios illos opidò & felicissimè Ingenii partum excepit nostrum hoc Collegium eâdem gaudii magnitudine, quâ olim Illustrissimi Principis Conjugis Tui adventum nos hîc convivu suo non dedignantis. In fatis est scilicet, aut potius hæreditarium quoddam jus est Tuæ familiæ de Collegio nostro benè mereri. Dilatata Collegii Pomæria, & pulcherrimo opere explicata murorum facies testantur eximium in literas amorem nobilissimæ Salopiensis Comitissæ, jam tunc virtutes tuas & Gentilitiam erga Musas bonitatem præludio quodam augurantis. Illustrissimus quoque Conjux Tuus nos hîc Consortio suo cohonestavit, atque quantum gloriæ nobis inde defluxisse putes, quòd illa quæ hîc posuit Virtutum rudimenta in tam inviolatam Majestati Regiæ etiam in adversissimis fidelitatem omniumque artium tanto illo Ordine dignarum scientiam excreverunt! Sed hæc Tibi cum aliis Communis laus est, favere literis. At quòd Tu, Fœmina scilicet Illustrissima, Aulæ deliciis indutrita, non solum faveas, sed & doceas qui sibi videntur eruditi: quòd non tantum calleas omnes Tui Ordinis elegantias, sed etiam ingenuas nostri sermonis Veneres, & nihil insuper eorum nescias quæ scire laudi est; denique, quòd prima omnium non solum Philosophiæ spinosissimos calles pervagata es, sed emolliisti Sermomis Tui nitore, id quod doctissimis virorum minimâ ferè cum laude pertentatum; hoc Tuum solius decus est, hoc præteritorum seculorum Fœminis, & præsentis hujus Heroinis exprobat hoc nostrum seculum: Unum tantum deest bellissimis Tuis scriptis, ut nimirum inter Cultissimas Orationes Tuas inscribatur una, quæ gaudium nostrum ob honorem hunc à Te Collegio nuperrimè præstitum

*præstitum satis dignè eloqui possit. Digna enim es sola, quæ cum Philosophiam tantoperè exornâsti, Te ipsam exprimas: nos certè non possumus, quibus præripuisti omnes Vernaculæ linguæ Elegantias, quosque adeò coniecisti in Latini sermonis antiquam, sed incultam Majestatem, ut Te, quam coràm alloqui erubescimus, è longinquo tutò veneremur. Vivas ergò, Illustrissima Princeps, in hujus seculi gloriam, Tui Sexûs honorem, nostri Invidiam, admirationem utriusque; & felicissimos annos exigas etiam ultrà spem, non vota.*

Obsequentissimorum Illustrissimæ

Dat. è Coll. D. Joann.  
Cantab. 14 Cal. Jul.  
1663.

Excellentiæ Tuæ Cultorum

Magistri & Sociorum Colleg.

D. Joannis Evangelistæ in

Academia Cantabrigiensis.

Excellentissimæ Honoratissimæque Dominæ, Dominæ Margaretæ, Marchionissæ Novo-Castrensis.

EXCELLENTISSIMA DOMINA,

**Q**uanta sit, quàmque severa nobis ex dignatione Vestrà concepta lætitia, si non aliunde testando simus, liceat exinde potissimum indicari, quòd in hoc jucundissimo nobis officio gratitudinis exprimendæ, & seriùs aliquantò versemur, & solliciti etiamnum simus. Ea siquidem est natura Beneficii, ut remunerandi vices desideret, Vestri autem nec fortuna reposcit, nec patitur Amplitudo. Quo fit, ut, munifici aliàs qui sumus, tantùmque honoris rependere soliti, quantum



quantum ipsi accipimus, eo quòd viros, cætera probatissimos, nostro qualicunque testimonio auctiores reddere videamur; Vestro tandem tam præcellenti munere donati, tenuitatem ultro nostram fateamur. Hoc interim gratulari nobis liceat felicitatis nostræ, eam esse Tibi cum Literis communem causam, ut nemo laudare beneficia Vestra, aut etiam exprimere pro dignitate possit, qui non & ipse commendatior exinde fuerit; adeò conjunctam habemus cum officio laudem, ut nec testari quantum debemus, ingrati possimus, nec quanta accepimus intelligere, nisi literati. Quæ Tua singularis est bene merendi ratio, non solum Amplitudine Vestrâ digna largiris, sed & simul efficis, quo tantis Tuis Auspiciis digni & nos aliquando simus: nec verò literis tantum, quod una potes, patrocinium præstas, sed & artes Ipsa illustras, & quantum est ullibi scientiarum promoves feliciter, & exornas. Ignosce nobis Illustrissima Marchionissa, si mirari identidem subeat, cui demum Tu, nòsque adeo debemus pulcherimas istas & Tuas dotes; quò factum fuerit, ut nullo imbuen-te studiorum arbitrio, nullâ obstetricante Academiâ, in Fæminâ tandem conveniant, res cætera desjunctissimæ, Eloquentia, Poesis, & Philosophia. Sanè, qui antiquos adeo miramur, eandem artium armorumque præsidem Deam veneratos, quid de Te tandem sentiemus, quæ Ipsa Tibi Minerva es & Athenæ simul, Musæ omnes juxta & Helicon, Aristoteles pariter ac Lycæum? Profecò, ii sumus, qui felicitatem citius nostram intelligere, quàm exponere Tuam possumus, quæ tam supra nostram est exprimendi copiam, quàm est præsens ista qualiscunque adumbratio, extra fingendi necessitatem. Quo magis nostrâ referre credimus, quibus Te proprius sentire datum est, testari aliquà, pro genio nostro, locique hujus (quo non est alius Tui studi-



studiosior } quo tandem animo, quibus studiis, quibus-  
que amplexibus Clarissima Tua opera excipimus & ex-  
osculamur. Quod quidem officii nostri tam sincerè præ-  
stamus, quàm verè in amplissimam laudem cedit, mag-  
næ huic & florentissimæ Societati, Te nobis habere pro-  
pitiam, quam & tota commendat eruditio, & litera-  
torum universus ordo suspicit, & veneratur. Tanti  
erat Excellentissima Domina, Te primam exemplo  
Tuo ostendere, posse & Fæminas Philosophari. Unum  
illud reliquum, in auctiorem Nominis Vestri famam  
optamus, testatiorèsq; virtutes Tuas, ut tot tamque  
erudita Opera, tali aliquando idiomate donata exeant,  
quali inter Romanos Tullium & Maronem, inter  
Graios Platonem, & Demosthenem legimus, & mi-  
ramur. Quod si contigerit usquam, Te facili in vota  
nostra, proventumque literarum uberiores, speramus,  
etiam & spondemus, brevi fore, ut ex ipso scientiarum  
incremento sentiatur orbis, quam consecuta es Gloriæ  
Æternitatem.

Johan. Pearson, Magist. Coll.

Clem. Nevil.

Dat. è Coll. Sanctæ &  
Individuæ Trinitatis,  
2 Cal. Feb. 1663.

Theod. Crosland.

Geo. Chamberlaine.

Fran. Barton.

Guliel. Lynnett.

Gualt. Catsby.

Richardus Stedman.

Robertus Scott.

D

To

*To the Most Excellent and Most Honourable Lady,  
the Lady Margaret, Marchioness of Newcastle.*

MOST EXCELLENT LADY,

**H**OW great and serious a joy doth arise to us from Your Excellencies Condescension, though we cannot otherwise make it appear; yet hence chiefly it may be shewed, because in this most pleasing Duty of expressing our Thankfulness, we have been somewhat tardy, and are yet solicitous; for such is the nature of a good turne that it calls for a requital; but your Excellencies Fortune and Greatness doth neither require nor brook it, whence it comes to pass that we who are otherwise Bountiful, and are wont to return as much as we have received, because we may seem to render persons in other things most approved by our testimony, such as it is, more allowable; at length being endowed with your most excellent Gift, we do freely acknowledge our deficiency. In the mean time we may justly pride our selves in this, that your Excellency, as well as our Learning, is so much the cause of our Happiness, that none can commend your Gifts, or express their worth, but will himself thereby grow more commendable: therefore have we Praise and Duty joyned, that we may not avouch how much we owe being unthankful, nor understand what we have received unless Learned: Your Excellency doth not only bestow Gifts worthy your Nobleness, but also thereby make way that we our selves may, in time, be worthy of your so great Favors: which is a reason of well-deserving, proper only to your self: neither indeed

indeed doth your Excellency only afford Patronage to Learning ( which you only can do ) but also make Arts more famous ; and whatsoever there is any where of Sciences you do happily promote and adorne. Pardon us most Illustrious Marchioness if we often wonder to whom, at length, your Excellency, and we our selves, do so much owe those excellent Arts, and your Excellencies Endowments ; how it came to pass that Eloquence, Poetry, Philosophy, things otherwise most different, should without the help of a Tutor, without the Midwifery of an University, at length, agree in a Woman : Indeed we who wonder that the Antients should adore the same tutelar Goddess both of Arts and Arms, what shall we think of your Excellency, who are both a *Minerva* and an *Athens* to your self, the *Muses* as well as an *Helicon*, *Aristotle* as well as his *Lycaum* ? Indeed such is our condition that we can sooner understand our own happiness then express yours, which is so far beyond the highest of our expressions, as this present Description, such as it is, is beyond the necessity of a Fiction. We think it concerns us very much (who have the happiness to understand so much of your Excellency) some way to testify, according to our genius and that of this place, then which none can admire you more, with what mind, with what desires, with what real affections we do receive and embrace your most Excellent Works ; which part of our duty we do as sincerely perform as it doth truly tend to the great honour of this flourishing Society, that we enjoy your Excellencies undeserved favour, whom all Learning doth commend, and all degrees of the Learned adore and honor. So much beyond

beyond Expectation it was (most Excellent Lady) that you the first of all, by your own example, should make it appear that even Women may be Philosophers. One thing we wish for, the enlargement of the fame of your Excellent name, and more signal vertues, that your most learned Works may appear in such a language in which we read and admire *Tully* and *Maro* amongst the *Romans*, *Plato* and *Demosthenes* amongst the *Grecians*. Which if it ever come to pass, we hope and also promise (your Excellency being willing) according to our desires, and the greater increase of Learning, that in a short time, by the very augmentation of Sciences the World may be sensible what Eternity of Glory your Excellency hath obtained.

John Pearson, Master.

Clem. Nevill.

*Given from the Colledge of the Holy  
and Undivided Trinity, the second  
of the Calends of Febr. 1663.*

Theod. Croftland.

George Chamberlaine.

Francis Barton.

William Lynnet.

Walter Catesby.

Richard Stedman.

Robert Scott.

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MADAM,

**T**He University of *Cambridge*, in their full Senate, have judg'd it a necessary duty to make known their sense of the high Favour which they received in the Present made to them



them of your most Excellent Volumes. This, expressed by their publick Orator, approved by themselves, is committed to my care to convey, as being their unworthy Vicechancellor: under which title, also as Master of a small Colledge, I stand in a double obligation for the same Present, to be

Cambridge. S. M. Magd. Coll;  
July 13. 1663.

Your Excellencies most Humble

and most Devoted Servant,

EDWARD RAINBOWE.

ILLUSTRISSIMA MARCHIONISSA,

**E** *T*si nobis in more familiarius nihil est, quàm ut homines omnes eruditionis, & virtutis famâ florentes, curâ, studiôque nusquàm non prosequamur: singulari tamen, & præcipuo quodam impetu non modò gloriæ tuæ favemus, verumetiam Excellentissimam Heroïnâ, tanquam Cælo delapsam Sibyllam veneramur. Quippe fœminæ sortis egressa terminos, longè ultra mundum muliebrem sapias, & quicquid uspiam Egregium, aut Divinum est intra mortales, id tuo Tibi jure vindicas. Sive stas in acie, sive exerces tribunalia, sive Carmen fundis, sive nodos explicas, nusquàm hæres, nusquam succumbis, Dux, Miles, Senator; Poeta, Philosophus, ac (ut verbo expediamus) Una omnium instar. Tot igitur, & tantas, & tam exquisitas animi dotes admirata Cantabrigia nec tacere facile nec ulterius se continere potest, quin exclamet.

O Soror, ô doctum quæ sola es Fœmina Nomen!  
(carmen enim effluit imprudenti.) Quod nisi nolueris,  
interrogare Te porro cupimus, Ista tam lætæ indolis,

E

tam

tam felicitis ingenii, tam excelsi judicii flamma quo primum incensa Numine, quibus adjuta flatibus, aut enutrita fomitibus effulget? An virili veste induta Marchionissa annos fortasse aliquot, idque Athenis inter Philosophos delituisti? An Regina rerum Philosophia (quæ virorum conspectum verecundè fugit) soli Tibi se visendam exhibuit, virgineosque sinus omnes exposuit? An denique tuis in Ædibus sedem posuere Gratiæ, ne dubitemus alibi jam in Angliâ, quàm Cantabrigiæ, vel Oxonii tertiam vigere Academiam, ubi dictata, instillatæque Tibi ab Apolline Oracula, quasi sitientibus auribus ebibamus? Sed quoniam Te vel conditio Naturæ, vel modestiæ stola cohibet à Rostris, & Cathedrâ, Libros edis, quos partim nuncupas, partim dono Sororibus Academiis mittis. Nos quidem de magnitudine & animi, & beneficii tui Nobis gratulamur, geminumque munus in Sacrario Sapientiæ reponimus, ut in Sexûs honorem evolvant Posterî, habeantque quod Socraticarum omnium, & Pythagorearum Mulierum fragmentis præferant.

Amplitudinis, & honoris

Dat. Cantab. è frequenti  
Senatu, quinto Idus  
Julii 1663.

vestri studiosissimi

Procancellarius,

reliquisq; Senatus Acad. Cant.

Lector

LECTOR  
IN ALMÆ MATRIS

Armario

DUM LIBROS EXCUTIS,

Hic illic ingenia pervestigans sedulò,

Non potes non EXOSCULARI

Fœtum

PULCHERRIMUM INCOMPARABILIS

Et (suprà quàm cuidam credibile est)

PHILOSOPHANTIS HEROINÆ,

D. MARGARETÆ,

M ARCHIONISSÆ

Novo-Castrensis,

Cui Suada Linguam, Pallas animum imbuit.

*Sed, quoniam Ipsa (per ingenuæ frontis molitiem) inter Viros Sententiam dicere non sustinet, in imagine saltèm, & hæc altæ Mentis Effigie æternis debet interesse Nominibus.*

Illustrissimo Excellentissimo Nobilissimoque Principi  
*Gulielmo Marchioni, & Comiti de Newcastle, &c.*

ILLUSTRISSE PRINCEPS,

**M** Eritò olim jactavimus, Te hasce aliquan-  
 dò *Ædes*, atque hæc *Musarum sacra co-*  
 luisse. Cumque ea, ut par erat, longè maxi-  
 ma, quæ studiosis hominibus contingere possit, gloria  
 videretur; vicisti ultrò spei votorumque nostrorum fi-  
 dem, & ad tantam superbiendi materiam amplius ali-  
 quid adjicere voluisti. Tibi utique parumerat nos pri-  
 ma præludentis ingenii, & tenera adhuc *Virtutis incu-*  
 nabula ostentare potuisse; nisi ex Te etiam teneremus  
 clarissima adultæ jam confirmatæque *Indolis monumenta*.  
*Dedignata est Mens illustris & generosa rebus argu-*  
*tis ac levibus nimium temporis absumere;* quod facit  
 tamen hodiè maxima scribentium pars, in opprobrium  
 (ut videtur) ac contumeliam literarum: Tibi verò dis-  
 plicuit otiosa sedulitas: Meditatus es aliquid viro  
 nobili ac strenuo non indignum, opusque concinnasti se-  
 culis omnibus profuturum. Opposuimus olim *Gallis pe-*  
*ditatus vim, ac virorum robora;* nunc Tuâ, Princeps  
*Illustrissime, industriâ, equitandi etiam peritiâ superi-*  
*ores sumus: Tu illos suas, quibus unicè sibi placebant,*  
*artes edocuisti. Nec tamen ægrè fert Equestris na-*  
*tio Te hanc ei palmam præripuisse;* neque enim tan-  
 tum se in certamine minorem profitetur, verumetiam  
 suo ore atque *Lingua se victam esse gloriatur. Et*  
*quidni illa Tibi ambo se cederet, qui nihil unquam*  
*mediocre potes? Poëtarum miraculis fidem fecisti;* Pri-  
 mus utique *Pegasus, alatosque nobis Equos ostendisti,*  
*qui tandem humum spernunt, Tuâque pennâ in altum*  
*levati, per Virorum ora, ac super astra volitârunt.*

*Vivent*



*Vivent, atque in omni Seculorum memoria vige-  
bunt Excellentiae vestrae scripta nobilissima, quantumque ho-  
noris Platoni suo atque Aristoteli tribuunt homines  
umbratici, tantum Tibi concedent, Reges, virique to-  
to orbe Illustrissimi. Gratissimis nuper animis No-  
bilissimae Conjugis. Tuae labores accepimus : nunc Tuos  
pari ardore complectimur. Est hoc optandum maximè  
beneficiorum Conjugium ; hæc summa est animorum Con-  
cordia, quibus unicum est de nobis benè merendi Cer-  
tamen. Exultantes recipimus Illustres Libros, eosque  
inter Sacratiora Bibliothecae Monumenta recondemus.  
Interea, propter iterata benevolentiae ac benignitatis  
indicia, Vobis gratias quas possumus maximas habe-  
mus, cunctaque longè felicissima omni votorum Religi-  
one exoptamus.*

*Illustrissimæ Vestrae Excellentiae*

*Dat. è Coll. D. Joann. Evang.  
Cantabr. 6 Idus Decemb.  
1663.*

*Humillimi ac Devotissimi*

*Clientes,*

*Magister ac Socii Collegii*

*D. Joannis Evang. Cantabr.*

**ILLUSTRISSIMA PRINCEPS,**

**D**uo magnæ mentis summæque erga nos benevo-  
lentiæ specimina Epistolas & Poemata (qui-  
bus nos Excellentia vestra redhonestare dig-  
nata est) nuper pleni gaudio accepimus : quæ Utrâque  
eo animo amplectimur, quo Sublimia solemus & præclara  
omnia, suis Auctoribus, donec inest hominibus humanitas  
meretissimam famam reportatura ; In Poesi spiritum il-  
lum

lum laudamus, leporémque nativum undique & æquabilem; nec stagnat Castalis, neque exaëscuat, leni fluore lambit aures, atque animis illabatur. In Philosophia lucidum & penetrans acumen nil coactum, nihil mysticum liquida das omnia & genuina; vere Naturalem Naturam. Difficilis vicis Natura, & Veritas: beu quam vexant illi persequunturq; fugientem: Alii rapi eam fingunt in vorticibus, Scyllam quasi; aut Charibdim alteram, qualem etiam revera esse famæ & estimationis non raro experiuntur: alii in vacuo palpant & inani parili fortuna: imo sunt qui inter Dæmones querunt & Genios, quasi sagæ quædam esset, aut venifica: nonnulli vim tentant, in igne torquent, coguntque seipsam mentiri potius, quam fateri: Tibi se ultro pandit & denudat penitus, rusticitatis notam, si negaret, reverita, sola videns (Illustrissima Domina) inter Fæminas quæ Naturæ nihil debes: quantum quantum enim Te decoravit, aut luce formæ, aut indole ingenii id omne eidem rependisti in hisce Philosophiæ & Pœseos elegantis, pulcherrimâ talione. Denique Tibi porro molestissimus pro genuino hocce quo nos deceras pleno Venerum & gratiarum pignore utinam eloqui possimus gratias, quas mente concipimus; tunc ab ejus merito longo quamvis nihilo minùs intervallo, minori tamen distaremus. Vale (Nobilissima Heroïna) & vive diu quæ literas ornes & foveras literatos, & nos

Illustrissima Excellentia Vestra

Cultu omni & officio observantissimos

Magistrum & Socios Collegii

D. Joannis Evangelistæ

in Academiâ Cantabrigiensi.

Most

## MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS:

WE lately received, with abundance of delight and Complacency, those two tokens of your favour, with which your Grace hath been pleased, to honour us; Your Poems, and Philosophical Letters, both which we entertain and embrace with that careful respect, which is due to those high and noble undertakings, which will procure in all ages (while men have any humanity) condigne fame and renown to their Authors. In your Poems we admire that Life and Spirit, as also that Native, and Even Fancie, which, every where, is Conspicuous. Your Helicon is neither Pond nor Sea, but like a fair and deep River gently slides, and flow's in upon your Readers. In your Philosophy there appears, every where, a clear and searching acuteness of Judgment, nothing forced, or Mysterious: All is plain and genuine, meer and natural Nature. We men find Nature and Truth very coy and sullen, alas how we vex, persecute, and chase her, who yet still outruns us: Some imagine her to be in Whirlpools and Quick-sands, like another *Scylla* or *Charybdis*, and they find Her so now and then, in their shipwreck Credit and Reputation. Some grope for her in Vacuums and empty spaces, with a success not unlike their supposals. Some fancy her among Demons and Spirits, as if she were a Witch: Others torment her in the Fire, or Rack her, and force her rather to Belie, then Confess her self. But she willingly shews herself all bare and naked to your Grace; Madam, you are one, if not the only one of your Sex, that owe Nature nothing,

nothing; for whatever lustre and beauty of body or mind, she hath deckt and enriched you withal, your Grace has largely recompensed her, and are perfectly quit with her in these your elegant Poems, and Philosophy. In a word, to be no longer troublesom to your Grace, we would we could but express what thankful acknowledgements we, in mind and thought, do conceive, for this twin-pledge of your Love, full of all Muses and Graces; then we should fall less, though still continually, short of so high a favour. May you live long, most Virtuous and Heroick Lady, to adorn, maintain, and nourish Learning, and Learned men, and Us, who are, in all offices of Honour and observance.

*Your Graces bounden Servants,*

*The Master and Fellows*

*of St. Johns Coll. in Cambridge.*

*Excellentissimæ Nobilissimæque Principi, Margaretae Novi-Castriae Ducissæ.*

*ILLUSTRISSIMA HEROINA,*

**P***Allida & exanguis hæc chartula Sacratissimos Tuos amplexus summâ eâque debitâ veneratione sollicitat, unde Promethei ad instar vitam & vigorem (Quæ soles dare) ambitioso & laudabili furto surripiat: Quin haud vitio vertenda erit pia nostra nec inhonesta fraus, Quum spirare, & vivere oportet eam Epistolam, quæ tanto Nomini inscripta æternitatis æmula, & particeps affinitatis jure facta est. Nempe Tu Ea es diviniior Artemisia,*  
*Quæ*



Quæ Mausolo tuo non perpetuum certissimæ mortis indicem, & monumentum solummodò extruere, sed vitam ipsam æternitati inserere Præclaros Animi motus sacri calami Impulsu continuare, Limpidos Corporis humores, & nobilem sanguinem ex benignâ Ingenii Tui venâ æternum supplere, nec non eximia gesta & facinora ad vivum exprimere, coram sistere, & denuò agere valuisti: Exhibuisti nobis talem Principem qualis ipse solus est, Cujus Imaginem à Te unicâ vel effingi, vel dignè delineari posse fateatur universus Philosophorum Chorus. Exhibuisti gratissimum orbi munus, præsentis sæculi decus & ornamentum, futuri Archetypum & elaboratum exemplar. Insuper videre est quàm mirabili artificio (Laudatissimi Phidiæ jure) conjunctissimo numini Illustrissimam Tuam intexuisti Imaginem, usque adeò intemperanti mortis occursum fabricam faciens, ut perpetuum Vestrum conjugium ab ipsâ haud sejungi possit aut divelli. Quantâ animi devotione Ornantissimæ Heroinæ egregium munus amplexamur, sentire possumus, aptè exprimere (Quæ Tua & propria Laus est) neutiquam confidimus: Digneris, quaesumus, ut donum Tuum tanquam cælitus delapsum ancile duraturæ felicitatis augurium & tesseram silentio (uti par est) veneretur Collegium nostrum, vel, quod majus, Vestrum.

Joban. Pearson, Magist. Coll.  
Geo. Chamberlaine. V<sup>m</sup>.

Clem. Nepil.

Anth. Marshall.

Guliel. Bayle.

Richardus Stedman.

Rob. Crane.

Guliel. Lynnet.

Rob. Scott.

G

Illustris-

## EXCELLENTISSIMA PRINCEPS,

**H**istoriam Viri tui quantivis pretii, Geniique plenum opus non modò exertissimâ manu accepimus, verum etiam à capite ad calcem incredibili voluptate, uti omnia tua jamdudum evolvimus. Inter legendum verò non semel hìc, illìc circa numeros, periodosque substitimus, nunc stili, nunc argumenti, nunc denique compositionis elegantia detenti: ac quia togatis hominibus tuam illam tam artificem dextram tetigisse non licet, quod proximum est, audemus: hoc est Theatrum honoris, bipatensque pugillar (in quo paginam utramque facit Heros Novo-(astrensis) plus millies amplexamur. Neque tamen Chartæ sapius imprimimus oscula, quàm omnibus illa, singulisque Musis ingeminare nos existimamus. Nullum enim ingenii tui fœtum exponere potes, quem non in usus suos, deliciasque & tollet Alma Cantabrigia, & (ut in partem quoque muneris admittat posteros) Bibliothecæ Publicæ tholo suspendet. Vivet igitur domi, militiæque clarissimus Imperator, Teque (dum literis honor constabit) non impar gloria sequetur: ità raro, singularique exemplo facta dictis ubique æquas, & invidissimi Ducis res tanto scribis Spiritu, quanto pridem ab ipso gestæ fuerunt. Quodsi forsan Bellatores in arce Pallados olim quærent (tàm ad Historiæ fidem, quàm ad exempli normam) consummatissimi Imperatoris imaginem, adumbratam illam invenient non in Cyro Xenophontis, sed in MARGARETÆ GULIELMO. Hoc nomine Tibi nos debemus plurimum Eruditissima fœminarum; at non hoc uno nomine. Etenim in Studiis ubicunque jam nobis hæret aqua, præsentissimum Numen occurris: in Oratione si laboramus, verba dictas: si Poëticas fores pulsamus, recludis: Si condi-

mus

mus Historiam, à memoriâ es: Si Philosophos inter ambigimus, & involvitur, extricâs: postremò, si studemus modò, fers opem supra verticem semper adstans *Mulier* divini admodum vultus, atque inexhausti vigoris. Hoc autem totum quid aliud est, quàm modis omnibus addictam Tibi Cantabrigiam non solum exercere, sed obruere beneficiis? Tot ergo magnificentiae tuae radios (quibus illustramur) quàm Nos unquam gratiarum actione, quibus *Musarum* opibus redimemus? Nisi forte quæ D. Margaretæ pectus, mentemque illam homine sublimiorem nunc habitant, hunc bonâ tuâ cum veniâ remigrent Veneres, Gratiaque. Id si principali indulgentiâ concedas (*Heroïna*) tuis vestigiis pro modulo insistemus, nervos omnes intendemus, totumque Heliconâ ciebimus, ne Mars ille tuus sine vate, ac virtutum tantarum Latino præcone pugnâsse videatur.

Eminentiae tuae addictissimi

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti  
Senatu 14 Cal. Januar.  
1667.

PROCELLARIUS

reliquisque Senat. Acad. Cantab.

MOST EXCELLENT PRINCESS,

**T**Hat incomparable and most desired Book of your Grace's, containing the History of his Grace's Actions, in the late War, we have not only readily received but also perused and read over, as we are wont to do with whatsoever you write; yet in reading it we must acknowledge that we stop'd often, because we could not but admire, every where, both the loftiness of the argument, and elegancy, and spruceness of the Stile;  
and

and Composition; and in regard that at so great a distance we could not be admitted to the favour of kissing your Hand, we cease not to bestow ten thousand embraces upon every page of that Book, which hath so noble and immortal a subject as is his Grace the Duke of *Newcastle*; although your Grace can neither dictate nor publish any Work which the University of *Cambridge* will not own, and esteem, yet for this last Essay of your Graces we retain a most singular affection, and, in testimony thereof, lodge it in the richest Cabinet that we have, our publick Library; for the perusal of the present, and succeeding generation, long therefore shall the most valiant, and renowned General live, and your Grace too with him, seeing you have written his enterprises with as great a spirit as he himself perform'd them; hereafter if generous and high born men; if men of War search our Library for a Model of a most accomplished General, they shall find it expressed to the life, not in *Xenophon's Cyrus*, but in the Dutchess of *Newcastle's William*. Most Excellent Princess, you have unspeakably obliged us all, but not in this respect alone, for whensoever we find our selves non-plus'd in our Studies we repair to you, as to our Oracle, if we be to speak you dictate to us; if we knock at *Apollo's* doore, you alone open to us; if we compose an History you are the Remembrancer; if we be confounded and puzzled among the Philosophers, you disentangle us, and assoil all our difficulties: in a word, whatsoever we attempt your Grace now vouchsafe's to stand by us, and suggest as a Lady of a most Princely personage, and of an inexhaustible vigor; and thus you do not only exercise, but oppress us with your nobleness,



ness; nor can we devise what returne of thanks to make, unless those *Muses* and *Graces* (which have taken up their residence in your Breast) may, with your Graces leave, retreat for a while to us. If your Grace think good so to favour us, we shall all of us, jointly and severally endeavour that hereafter his Excellency the great Duke of *Newcastle* may not want a Latine Poet, for the perpetuating of his Honour, and your Graces in forreign Countries,

Cambridge Dec. 16.  
1667.

*Most renowned Princess,*

*Your Graces most devoted Servants,*

*The VICECHANCELLOR and the*

*whole Senate of the University of*

C A M B R I D G E

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,

WE have received your Excellencies incomparable and most beneficial books with such grandure and reverence of mind, as it is very fit we should, as a pledge and warant of our future security; for seeing we are to Contend in a bruitish world for life, much more for honour, with the reproaches of an illiterate age, as it were now despairing of attaining to any perfection in our weighty affairs, lest *Cambridge*, and Philosophy, and Learning should grow infamous, Your Excellency hath only brought it to pass, that we have hopes yet to live; the memory of our name being perpetuated in your Excellencies Books, which

H

will

will not only survive our Universities, but hold date even with Time it self; and doubtless we shall live, for as much as it pleaseth you, most Excellent Princess, so long as either Name or Honour remains, either to Virtue or Books; and incontinently this age, by the reading of your Books, will loose its barbarity and rudeness, being made tame by the Elegancy both of your stile and matter: and moreover it will not judge us to be no-bodies whom such an accomplish'd Princess hath not refused to make not only the Perusers, but even the Moderators, and Judges of her Works. So as the very worth of your Excellencies Books, hath brought us, being willing, altogether perswaded and convinced into a just admiration of your Excellency. However your Grace may see how much your Praises are impaired, not so much by the default of our Wit (though that be very great) as because you have the hap to live in such an unfortunate age. Antient *Greece* it self, the sole Governness of all just merits and rewards, in the cause of such unparallel'd vertues, would have spent her self in ten years Panegyricks; neither would there be any cause why *Isocrates* should prefer his *Athenians* (though they were *Minerva's* Scholars) before *Cambridge*; to whom your Excellency (for such honour doth your Grace procure) doth kindle a new, yet never perishing, Light: Antient *Rome* it self would have resolved all your Praises into Statues and Monuments of your name, by which there might arise continually *Cornelia's*, and if there were any other, therefore the Glory of their Age, and the Honour of your Sex, because your Excellency had not then a being, but reserved by the Author of all things, and born in after times  
for

for the honour, and ornament of this age in which we live. The Titles and Triumphs are long since obsolete, and worn out, the honour of *Greece* and *Rome* lives only in a little slender fame, and those Marbles inscribed with the names of so many of the Learned, are mouldered into dust, and yet all these live, and flourish in their due Praises, and are the survivors of all their admirers, and this Glory is only common to your Excellency, with those famous Worthies, that as neither the famous Statues, nor the applause of their admirers, nor the popular vote, but the solid Grace of their Works, and Virtue which is its own best Herauld, doth declare their merits: So your Excellencies most unparalleled worth, and our thankful acknowlegment without the furniture of tumultuous applauses, hath set apart a place in our Library, that faithful Depository of Wits, for your Grace, where, according to our slender provision, which also the Custome of our Ancestors, by whom we are the better enabled, and our own ingenious confession, we do with great earnestness desire; we henceforth with acclamations that such an Illustrious Princess (reason being now restored, Philosophy confirmed, Envy conquered) doth esteem that in others which she honours in her own person; We will therefore that this, whatsoever it is, be the argument of a Grateful mind.

*Dated from our Coll.*  
Octob. 6. 1667.

*Most Illustrious Princess,*  
*Your Excellencies most humble Servants,*  
*devoted to your Clemency and Honour,*  
The Master and Fellows  
of *St. Johns Coll. in Cambridge.*  
Emi-

Eminentissimæ, Celsissimæque Principi D. Margareta, Duci Novocastrensi.

**N**on mutamus Excellentissima Princeps; de Lucubrationibus tuis universis idem sentimus, quod de singulis; Singulas autem quantoperè miremur, ut Quamque beneficio tuo vidimus, aut perlegimus, neque Ipsa nescis, & nos aliàs iudiciis certis non modò notum fecimus, verùm etiam in omnem occasionem intenti porrò faciemus. Hoc in Literas voluntas, hoc (quæ tam latè se jam diffundit) Eru<sup>di</sup>ctio tua singularis à togatis Homini<sup>bus</sup> dudum exegit: Hoc Orationes, hoc Epistolæ, hoc Numeri, Salesque, hoc Fundamenta; hoc postremò (quæ Cantabrigiæ tuæ inscribis) subacti iudicii, & lectionis penè infinitæ Pericula meruere. Quamvis enim ubique viget, & dum (humanitati locus ullus erit) vigebit Cantabrigia, tamen Illius perpetuitati multum adjiciet Librorum tuorum Æternitas. Non igitur immeritò Te (doctissima fœminarum) de scriptis editis & amamus, & suspicimus, in illà Contemplationum Arce nos jactamus, quam Tu Posteritati stupendis operibus extruxisti. Clarissimè quidè inter Cives ad altissimum honoris apicem evecta micas; Sed (quod adhuc augustius est) omnem illam fortunæ magnitudinem immortalis ingenii felicitate ità superas, ut quæ versare solemus exemplaria Græca, Latinæque missa jam facere, & tuâ Unius sapientiâ contenti esse possimus. Quotiès enim in Philosophiam secedis, sola Magistri nullius in verba juras, sed in omni Doctorum familiâ laborans & subtiliter expendis, & acutè discernis, & ad unguem castigas quicquid aut risit Democritus, aut flevit Hereclitus, aut deliravit Epicurus, aut tacuit Pythagoras, aut intellexit Aristoteles, aut ignoravit Arce-



Arcefilas, nec omittis siquid Majorum inventis addidère novi homines, Verulamius, Harvæus, Cartesius, Galilæus. Hoc (Eminentissima Dux) hoc demum est heroicè Philosophari. Sed quò Nos Tecum rapis? Nam Principatum in Literis, tenes, nullis finibus circumscriptum; nec usquam Tibi desinit Natura rerum: at ultra Oceanum Mundus alter exurgit. Mundum illum flamantem loquimur, quem & luce tuâ incendis, & accuratius multò, quàm olim, in Critia, Plato, describis. Ad eum modum in omni scientiarum genere si pergas sapere, certè mox id consequèrè, ut in posterum Margareta non ampliùs Heroïnæ, sed ipsius Philosophiæ nomen habeatur. Sic, velut in antecessum audent sperare.

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti  
Senatu 5 Idus Octobr.  
1668.

Eminentiaæ tuæ addictissimi

PROCANCELLARIUS

reliquisque Senat. Acad. Cantab.

### MOST EXCELLENT PRINCESS:

**O**Ur opinion is not in any wise altered; of all your Books in general we judge, as in reason and equity we must of every one of them: and what unspeakable esteem we have for every one of them, neither are you ignorant, nor may we (as we did, or hereafter shall receive any of them severally) forbear to publish to the World. This we think, and this, upon every occasion, we profess to be a return, that your Graces affection to the Commonwealth of learning (together with your Personal advancement in all manner

ner of Knowledge) hath, long ago, called for from all ingenious Scholars: This is a debt, which men of several professions pay you daily, in consideration of the pleasure and profit they reap from your Oration, your Epistles, your Comœdies, and your Grounds: but especially we of *Cambridge* remember, and, with exceeding delight, peruse (the greatest Honour that of late hath been done by a Dedication to this Community) your most judicious and elaborate Observations upon Experimental Philosophy. For although we nothing doubt, but the University of *Cambridge* will flourish, whilst there is any regard in the World had to Learning, and Modesty, yet to the Perpetuity of so famous, and antient a Corporation, we cannot but hope for an addition from the Eternity of your Labours. It is not therefore for nothing (most learned Princeps) that far beyond what we can express, we renown and admire your Grace, looking ever and anon upon, and glorying in that immortall stately Fabric of Contemplation; which you have erected for the Wonder, as well as for Instruction of Posterity. It's true, our eyes are almost dazled, when we presume to look up to that height of National honour, wherein you shine above most of your Sex. But (which is yet far more noble and Princely) the lustre of your Wit hath so surpassed the greatness of your Fortune, in glory, that we may now very plausibly throw away our other Greek, and Latine Authors, and be content to learn only, what you teach in proper and good English. For, when you retire to Study, you take (as we see) nothing at all upon trust; you sit down at no Philosophers Feet, but enquiring into the Mysteries of every

every Sect, you most exactly weigh, distinguish, and correct. whatsoever *Democritus* laughed at, or *Heracitus* wept, or *Epicurus* raved, or *Pythagoras* concealed, or *Aristotle* understood, or *Arcefilas* was ignorant of. Nor do you neglect, or omit, in case the *Lord Verulam*, or *Harvey*, or *Des Cartes*, or *Galileus* hath pretended to add to the achievements of the Antients. This indeed, this it is (most eminent Dutchess) to study, to resolve, to determine, like a Royal and Impartial Professor: But whether on the sudden have you transported us? For that Principality (which is yours) in Learning admits (it should seem) of no bounds, but in your happy and pregnant imagination alone. Nature is infinite; and you your self, having nothing further to know in this, first discover, and then travel into another, World: we mean your Blazing World, which you enlighten with your own lustre, and describe to us far more accurately, then ever *Plato* in his *Critias* attempted. After this manner in all sorts of Sciences, if your Eminency proceed, *Margaret* will shortly pass, not only for the name of the Dutchess of *Newcastle*, but also for the Cognizance of Philosophy. So we dare, as it were, before-hand, hope, and promise our selves, who study continually to be more and more (if it be possible) then we are already.

Cambridge Oct. 10.  
1668.

Most renowned Princess,

Your most humble and devoted Servants,

The VICECHANCELLOR and the

rest of the Senate of the University of

CAMBRIDGE.

Illustris-



Illustrissimæ Excellentissimæque Principi. *Margareta Novo-Castrensi Ducissa.*

ILLUSTRISSIMA PRINCEPS,

**C**Um jampridem nobis explorata penitusque perspecta, sit singularis Amplitudinis Tuæ natura quæ sic est & multiplici eruditione ornata & insitâ humanitate imbuta, ut & possit propter maximam facultatem, & soleat propter summam benevolentiam de Literarum Cultoribus optimè mereri, committere certè noluimus quin utroque nomine obstricti alacriores hæcce literas sempiternæ observantiæ indices Celsitudini Tuæ offeremus; cujus eximia bonitas præclarum hoc & peculiare habet, quòd nec ab amicis sollicitando, nec precibus nostris rogando evocata est, sed suâ sponte effusa & ex se tota: rapitur nimirum ad quamvis sui similitudinem excellens quæque indoles, & quicquid aliqualis præstantiæ opinionem sustinet, veluti cognatum sibi, invitat, amplectitur, tuetur. Quàm magnificum hoc atque Tuum quòd disciplinas nostras Tuæ jam venerationis exemplo augustiores reddidisti? Quanto illud cunctis titulis speciosius ibit in secula, quòd in ea generis claritate fortunæque opulentiâ studia sic amas, ut pauperes solent? In quibus tam feliciter versaris, ut nemo ita literaturæ vel deservire vel sufficere videatur, ut quotidie novi aliquid miraculi parias, ut Fœmina Viris, Aulica Academicis doctrinæ palmam præripueris, ut singulis denique in sua cuiusque laude præstantior evaseris. Ignosce obsecramus, si minum aliquem, ne Principem quidem nostram ipsa naturâ tantopere valere, aut propriis viribus in multiformes istas altissimâsque cogitationes excitari atque erigi



erigi non credamus: amplissimam, illam mentem, per  
 omnigenæ disciplinæ seriem latissimè patentem, necesse est  
 divinitus illustrari, docet nos ea tot tantarumque rerum  
 penè infinita comprehensio quantus Te cœlestis spiritus  
 habitator intrârit, & quàm non simplex numen uni-  
 cum hoc pectus ad universa scientiarum spatia laxaverit.  
 Cùmque his auspitiis quicquid unquam volueris in  
 artibus consecuta sis, cùm liquidæ veritatis notionem  
 melior a'iquis genius Principis nostræ beneficium fore  
 decrevit, cùmque Tuum fuerit non argumentari, sed  
 pronuntiare oracula; nihilominus (quæ est Amplitudi-  
 nis tuæ verecundia) exquisitis rationibus asserere Tua  
 placita & confirmare dignaris tanquam Tibi fides non  
 debeatur, quasi assensum nostrum non aliqua religio  
 constringat. Posthac certè nobis in isto genere vigili-  
 arum ferias destinamus, & Philosophiæ tandem metam  
 prehendimus, cùm Celsitudo Tua speculationem istam  
 dignam existimaverit, cujus se curis imbueret, sibi que  
 propius addiceret: Etenim nihil non investigatum ple-  
 néque comprehensum dabit istius accuminis felix per-  
 spicatia, nihil non inventum cum Cantabrigiensibus  
 suis communicabit istius candoris paratissima propensio.  
 Ne tamen ignobilem interim quietem agere, aut de-  
 sidia litare videamur, reliquisti nobis difficillimam sanè  
 Provinciam, gratulationem. Quippe divinum quiddam  
 Literarum Alumnis quod certò sequantur nunc adeptis  
 lucubrationes Tuæ jamdudum præstiterunt, in studiis  
 scilicet tranquillitatem; ideòque nec cuiquam veterum  
 Regum aut Imperatorum honestiorem unquam titulum  
 erectum fuisse opinamur quàm nos hic Gratia Tue  
 ponendum cogitamus,

MARGARETÆ I. PHILOSOPHORUM PRINCIPI.

*Ob profligatos errores, sublata dogmatum dissidia & pacem reipublicæ literariæ restitutum.*

Dat. è Coll. S.S. & Individuæ  
Trin. 3 Non. Octob. 1668.

Johan. Pearson, Magist. Coll.

Anth. Marshall.

Guliel. Lynnet.

Richardus Stedman.

Rob. Scott.

Isaac Bayrow.

Joannes Hawkins.

Robertus Moyle.

Guliel. Corker.

ILLUSTRISSIMA PRINCEPS,

**A**ccepimus, eâ, quâ par fuit animi reverentiâ & honore tam grandis beneficii, Libros Tuos, id est, Incolumitatis nostræ archas & argumentum. Nam, quum in hâc ultimâ obrutescentis mundi barbarie dimicandum sit nobis de Vitâ, nedum de Honore, cum tot illiteratis seculi debonestamentis; ac quasi desperandum esset de summâ rerum nostrarum; nè vilissimi nominis forent Cantabrigia, Philosophia, Eruditio; Effecisti Unica, ut putemus nos etiam porro posse vivere, consignatâ nostri nominis memoriâ in Libris Tuis, etiam ultra Academias, & cum tempore æquabiliter duraturis. Vivemus certè, quandoquidem ita Tibi placuerit, Illustrissima Princeps, quamdiu Virtuti & Libris constabit Honos; & simul ac Libros Tuos legendo Feritatem exuerit Isthoc seculum, tantâ rerum verborumque elegantia cicuratum; æstimabit in-  
super

super, neque nihili prorsus nos fuisse, quos ut Operum suorum Arbitros non recusaverit, Ornatissima Princeps, Ita ipsa Librorum dignitas volentes, persuasos omnimodo, victos bonâ fide traduxit in Justissimam Tui admirationem. Utcunque tamen vides quantum laudum Tuarum deterendum sit, non tam ingenii nostris culpâ ( licet nimium buc! & immane quantum tanta Dignitati imparit ) quàm quòd Nata sis in infelici hoc seculo Tantæ Virtutis ergò exiliisset Græciæ antiqua illa, justissima meritorum æstimatrix in Panegyrica decennalia; neque esset cur Athenas suas, licet Minervæ alumnas, præponeret Isocrates Cantabrigiæ, cui Tu tantum quippè bonorem concilias, cui novem nec evenidam lucem accendis. Omnia sua Elogia Roma illa vetus explicasset in statuas & Tui nominis Titulos, quibus assurgerent quotidie Cornelix Livix, & si quæ aliæ tunc fuerunt ideò seculi sui Decus, & sexus Tui Gloria, quoniam Tu tunc temporis nec dum nata eras, sed Reservata à summo rerum Authore, & quasi comperendi nata in ætatis nostra felicitatem & ornamentum. Sed obsoleverunt dudum Tituli & Triumphi: periit quicquid fuit Græcia & Romæ, nisi tenuis quædam Fama: etiam ipsa quæ magis durare putantur marmora, tot doctorum nominibus inscripta, dilapsa sunt in vagum pulverem. Vivunt tamen adhuc vigentque ipsi Authores debitissimis suis laudibus superstites, & admiratoribus suis vivaciores. Et communis hæc Tibi cum celeberrimis illis mortuis constabit Gloria; quòd, ut illos non jam demonstrant statuarum elogia, admirantium applausus, & secunda populi admurmuratio; sed solidum doctrinæ decus, & virtus ipsa summet Nomenclatrix: sic & meritissimum Decus Tuum & gratissima animi nostri attestatio, absque operoso illo gratulationum & ap-

*applausum apparatu, seliget Tibi locum in Bibliothecâ nostrâ, fidissimâ illâ ingeniorum custodiâ, & depositaria, ubi, quod tenuis res nostra nobis permittit, quod & mos majorum & per quos profecimus ingenua Confessio deposcit, nos subindè acclamabimus, Quod & (restitutâ in integrum Ratione, firmatâ Philosophiâ, victâ Insidiâ) Literas in aliorum aestimet, in suâ Personâ nobilitet Illustrissima Heroïna. Hoc igitur non ingrati animi indicium qualecunque esse volumus.*

Illustrissima Princeps,

*Cantabrigiæ Eid.  
Octob. 6. 1668*

Clementiæ Tuæ & Honori

Devotissimi Clientuli,

Præfatus Sociique Collegii

D. Joannis Evangelistæ.

M A D A M,

**B**Y the Bounty of several Benefactors, our Library is furnished with many large Volumes; yet we have none we so highly esteem, and are more proud of, then those written & given us by your Graces own hand. Jewels have their value crowded in a little room. The *Sybil's* Leaves as they became fewer advanced their price. Among pieces all so perfectly excellent, we dare not otherwise offer at a Comparison, then as the Subject leads and determines us. The Greatness and Miracle which hath appeared in the Life of the most Incomparable Duke of *Newcastle*, could not but raise, in your Grace thoughts answerable to so glorious a Theame, and give us at the same time,



time, both Wonder and Delight, to read the History of that full-blown Vertue and Glory, which with us appeared first in their bud and Blossome: The next Glory to that of having done such Wonders, is to have writ them so well and exactly. And, had the Sex allowed it, Your Grace had done the same Actions, and left Despair to any other Pen to have reached, their height: A grateful mind, which we desire to Express, is the Prologue to our new Request: but our chief Trust and Confidence is in your own ready and natural inclinations to all Acts of Bounty and Charity. They that are cunning in the Art of Begging, are so well versed and studied in Faces, that among an hundred, they know which to let pass, and where to fix: they read at first sight the Characters and Dispositions of a ready and willing Goodness: and will sometimes pitty them they Beg of, as carrying Faces apt to undo them into as low poverty as they themselves suffer. Though perhaps we have not so particular knowledge of those outward Lineaments which might encourage this confident address; yet the general Fame, besides our own knowledge, will not suffer us to be ignorant, of those of your great and generous Soul, which stayes not for opportunities offered, but seeks them, and to know where it is wanting, is all the argument necessary to your noble Bounty. We are so unhappily engaged in Building, that we can neither leave off, nor go on without the help and assistance of others. Yet we could be content to change our designe, and wholly leave what we have in hand, to erect a Statue to your Graces Name and Memory. That as one *Margaret* stands with us famous to Posterity

rity for her Zeal to promote the growth of Knowledge, which was then upon its recovery from a long and dark ignorance: so now your Grace appears with fairer advantage, being your self, to the shame and reproach of our Sex, the great pattern and example of Learning. We despair of raising any more lasting Monument to your Name, then what already your Grace hath left with us. But, you will oblige here very many Beads-men and Votaries, who will make it a great part of their study, that the famous Acts of your Charity and Bounty, may be read not only in Stones, but Men, who shall for ever bless your Memory, and pray for your Happiness. In which number your Grace will find at present

M A D A M,

*Your Graces most obliged*

*Feb. 28. 1671.*

*and devoted Servants,*

The Master, Fellows, and Scholars

*of St. Johns Coll. in the University of*

C A M B R I D G E.

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*To*

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*To the most Illustrious and Excellent Prince, the Lord Duke of Newcastle, &c.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

**T**Hat your Grace Might not want fresh occasions to oblige us, our Colledge was not hitherto a finisht Building, and we owe the perfection of our Colledge to the late generous obligements of your Grace, when you honoured us with the Picture of the late Right Honourable *Mary* Countess of *Shrewsbury*, your most noble Aunt, and our second Found'ress. 'Tis true, we here have lodged hitherto with Conveniences, enough to attest the Generosity of your thrice noble Family, above as well our Expectations as Merits; and beyond what Learning durst promise it self from this Barbarous Age. Our Colledge Walls are as strong, as our Noble Foundresses Designs were generous: and the Sun looks upon us still, but as he should, through no Crevices or Chinks, nor makes more day than we permit him to our melancholy Retirements. Nor would your Grace's Illustrious Aunt be now ashamed of that fair addition she made our Colledge, if the durable-ness of the work can reflect any honour upon that generous Effort of her Charity. But we wanted the last advantage our present Buildings could receive: the Effigies of the Noble Countess of *Shrewsbury*, which would at once, ennoble her Foundation, and our acknowledgements; and remind the curiosity of Strangers, that this Age hath not been barren of Illustrious Instances of Charity, and of our thankful resentments of so great Encouragements to Lear-

Learning. Yea, my Lord, your Grace hath now instructed us, and may undeceive others: and the Statue of your Illustrious Aunt shall now encourage our Studies, and superintend over our Proficiency as her own Deputy: and we shall be ashamed to have lived unprofitably, and unanswerably to so noble a Benefaction; or that the Illustrious Countess of *Shrewsbury* should, amidst the Joys, wherein She is surrounded by a blessed Immortality, have the dissatisfaction to have loved Learning in vain, and have built us a Synagogue, and so nobly seconded the designs of the late most Serene Mother of K. *Henry* the seventh: 'Tis true we ought to have owned the Honour to have set up ere now the Statue of the most Noble Countess of *Shrewsbury*, but that which excuses all Immoralities, that which involved Kings, and Kingdoms, your most noble Family, and Learning, in one Common Desolation, the late Rebellion, hindered us till now: We could only look on with Sorrow, the place designed for the Effigies of your Grace's most Noble Aunt, and sigh that the barbarous wickedness of the times, which allowed no visible remembrance of Saints or Kings, should be able to defeat our Designe, to perpetuate, in this nature, Her Memory, and our Acknowledgements: But, we dare be bold humbly to conceive, this our late thankfulness will be no disadvantage to her happy Memory, and that the Inscription of *St. John's* College upon her Statue, will hold even with the latest Date of time: and that it may not be the only miraculous Privilege of some Rivers, after they have enricht their neighbouring Banks, to dive suddenly into the Earth, for the space of some miles, and rise again into their former greatness,  
and



and acquire a newer, and more lasting glory, by being, so long, undiscovered: thus shall the most Noble Countess of *Shrewsbury* be not disadvantaged (as far as our weak pretences can reach) by this our post-fact Acknowledgements, but, like Majesty, by this distance of Years, command a greater Veneration. But if we dare pretend so much to honour the Memory of the Blessed now in Heaven, how shall we pay the Living; those that by so great Obligations have deserved all that we can pretend to of Gratitude and Esteem, amongst which, your Grace's Favours to our Colledge hath entitled you the Principal. My Lord, to such we are poor in every thing but Prayers: and that your Grace may long live to be (as you are) the honour of this Age, your most Noble Family, and (which we take the boldness to be proud in) this Colledge: that, by that Civility, whereby you have made even your misfortunes Illustrious, and Crown'd Heads your Admirers, you may long unteach this Barbarous Age that brutish disaffection to Learning; that you may survive that envy which your Grace's Excellent Accomplishments as well as our little Learning hath attracted, is the Desire of

*May it please your Grace,*

*Your Graces most Devoted,*

*Obliged, and humble Servants,*

*The Master and Fellows*

*of St. John's Colledge.*

**M**

**Most**

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

**I**T would be a matter of great difficulty to recount your great Praises, but it would be an endless undertaking to set forth your Merits; how great your Graces worth is in all parts of the World, especially this of *England*, may be conjectured, even from hence, in that although we may endeavour to reckon up your Graces particular Favours towards us, yet are we no way able to express them: And yet to pass by your Graces beneficence in silence, because we are altogether unable to answer the worth of it, would be to excuse our selves from a less, and incur upon our selves the guilt of a greater Crime; and so lest we should betray our ignorance in speaking or writing to be professedly ungrateful, something we must offer to your Grace though we fall never so much short of the greatness of your Merits; our devotion in attempting, may in part excuse our inability in performing, what we owe to your Grace: Pardon us great Sir if we devoutly admire those singular perfections, for the knowledge of which we are beholding to your Grace alone, whom when we admire for your Excellency in other Arts, we find that you alone are able to make your Horses if not altogether equal, yet but little inferiour to their Keepers, we are convinced that your Industry together with your Skill is so available, that they almost seem worthy of the society of Men, and if they could but speak, as men do, we should hear them complaining that they are injured in not being accounted rational Creatures; when being taught by your Grace they are a safeguard in War and the greatest ornament of a Common-wealth

in

in Peace. Go on therefore Great Sir who only art able to bring such great things to perfection: Long may your Grace live like your self, that you may grace the World with your Inventions, assist the King with your Counsel, preserve your Countrey by your aid and Valor, and continue to honour us your most humble Servants with your Patronage.

John Pearson *Master of the Coll.*

Geo. Chamberlaine *Vice-Master.*

*Given from our Colledge of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, the fifth of the Calends of April 1663.*

Clem. Nevill.

Robert Boreman.

William Baylie

Robert Crane.

Humphrey Babington.

Richard Stedman.

Robert Scott.

Excellentissimo Honoratissimoque Domino, Domino Gulielmo Marchioni *Novo-Castrensi*, &c.

EXCELLENTISSIME DOMINE,

**P**Ulcbrè & prudenter Reges Clarissimos, solus qui referre potes, imitaris, cum eodem optime merendi studio, tum nec minore largiendi facultate: Illis utique debemus amplissima hæc Musarum sacraria, & redditus quibus fruimur, amplissimos: Quod optandum erat reliquum, Tu nobilissimam nos arte donasti, & humanis usibus longè commodissimam. Eximiam proinde Nominis gloriam, utrique

& meriti eslis, & consequuti, & transmittendam in  
 posteros felicissimam memoriam, in quantum durabunt  
 marmora & eruditio. Patere, Vir Illustrissime, quan-  
 tum Vestra potest insignis Humanitas, ut in laudes tam  
 cumulatas, hoc insuper accedat debitissimum Tibi, quòd  
 inter Heroas omnes, quos ab interitu certior Histori-  
 corum fides, aut Poetarum vindicat ingenium, vix  
 Tibi unum in arte Tuâ imitandum habueris, neminem  
 omnino conferendum habeas. Sanè, inter Deos, An-  
 tiqui celebrant Apollinem, ob isthanc fortè peritiam,  
 præpositum Equis Solaribus custodem juxta ac modera-  
 torem; At ille demum is erat, à quo perperam edoctus  
 Phaethon tristissimas imprudentiæ pœnas dedit; quanto  
 feliciorem habiturus exitum, si in Tua tempora incidis-  
 set. At etiam Apolline prior Neptunus, tutelarîs  
 idem Oceani & Equorum Deus, magno cum dedecore  
 istius artis, prælatam sibi Pallada dolebat, & postha-  
 bitum oleæ Pegasus suum, scilicet uno victus suffra-  
 gio, clarissimam Athenas Urbem, Minervæ reliquit  
 insigniendam. Quàm Tu Marino Numine dignior  
 es, à quo, si contigisses medius, magnâ suâ cum gloria  
 tulissent, & insignem Pallas repulsam, & felicius no-  
 men Athenienses. Nec verò estur imperitos pror-  
 sus hâc in re fuisse Veteres, aut minus industrios, creda-  
 mus; magna quidem ea sunt, quæ de Pegaso, Cyllaro,  
 Bucephalo, aliisque, non oppidò multis, accepimus:  
 Verùm illi solùm perficienda fuit res Equestris, qui effi-  
 cere primus potuit, id quod Tu facis, ut nobilissimum  
 animal, & post homines, omnium sagacissimum, rati-  
 onis quodammodò particeps esset, & tantum non huma-  
 nâ dignum societate: Quod, si Poetarum Princeps nu-  
 dum Equitis epitheton, consultissimo fortissimòque Vi-  
 ro dignum decus, & Nestori suo par crediderit, quo  
 Te nomine insigniemus, Clarissime Marchio, eosdem &



annos meritum quos ἱππότης Νέστωρ transēgit, & melio-  
rem, si contigerit usquam, famæ Tuæ præconem. Quod  
solum nostræ opis est, magnos inter scientiarum instau-  
ratores Te meritò suspicimus, & post divinam illam  
sanctissimi Regis, proximè reponimus Icones Tuas;  
Optimo quidem jure, ut, qui strenuus olim Regiæ Ma-  
jestatis assertor eras & vindex, eidem esses cum Rege  
Tuo, quantum in nobis est, æternitati sacer: Id insu-  
per vovemus alacres, magna nos & amplitudini Vestræ  
devotissima Societas; Ita Tu nobis usque faveas, Il-  
lustrissime Heros Apollinaris. & Musæ omnes Mar-  
chionissa Tua.

Dat. è Coll. S.S. & Individuæ  
Trin. 4 Cal. Febr. 1663.

Johan. Pearson, Magist. Coll.

Clem. Nevil.

Theod. Crosland.

Anth. Marshall.

Georgius Chamberlaine.

Franciscus Barton.

Robertus Crane.

Guliel. Lynnet.

Gualterus Catsby.

MY LORD,

**B**ESIDES the publick acknowledgement of the  
great honour done to the University, in a-  
dorning their Library with your Excellen-  
cies own most exact, and renowned Works; The  
Duty of my place calls upon me to let your Honor  
know, that as this singular Grace, and Favour is  
N highly

highly resented by all; so by none more particularly acknowledged, and admired then, by

My LORD

K. C. C. Jan. 16. 1663.

Your Excellencies

most observant Servant

James Fletewood.

ILLUSTRISIME MARCHIO,

**M** Iriscè tenemur immensæ laudis & Artis opere, quod nupèr imputasti seculo, & Al-mæ Cantabrigiæ, dono dedisti; tantum enim, ac tam certum eruditionis argumentum & Academiæ pergratum, & gloriâ tuâ dignum uno omnes ore agnoscimus: Nec alio fortasse Nobis, Posterisve opus erit Theatro, quo summâ cum veneratione tam Fortunæ, quàm Animi tui magnitudinem intueamur. Nomen quidem aliquod, decusque olim in hoc studio fuit Xenophontis, & Balbi, & Simonis Atheniensis; ceterum ex quo luculentissima res, Novo-Castrensis Methodus in lucem prodiit, Autores istos nec miramur admodum, nec desideramus, ne Veterum fæces cum hodierno flore miscere videamur. Si verò merito suo celebretur Thessalia, quòd Marti sacrum Animal effudit, Ullane unquam Oratio Excellentissimo Marchioni par esse poterit, cujus ingenio non Equum jam aliquem singularem, sed Equestrem Scientiam totam debemus? Nondum nobis (Invictissime Domine) nondum excidere discrimina, quæ totiès in acie Regiarum copiarum Ductor subiisti: Verum quia virtutem, & fidem, & triumphos tuos abundè loquuntur, quotquot Heroas,

&

& arma frequentant, nos Academicis spaciis innutriti, ac literarum omnium amantes in Equestri Apparatu toti sumus, ubi cuncta subtiliter accurate, expresseque arbitraris: Appellamus Ælios, ac Persios nostrates; appellamus etiam (si placet) Exteros, qui posthabitis ubique suis Magistris, Unum Te consulunt, unum audiunt, unum versant, & suum quisque Quadrupedem ad nutum, obrussamque tuam castigant. Quantum ad Alumnos togæ, & si ferè (quæ fortunæ nostræ malignitas est) vix ultra jumentum sapimus meritorium; tamen extremum Discipulorum tuorum agmen claudere non erubescimus, ab Hipparcho longè omnium humanissimo moniti, hodiè primum in alieno foro peregrinamur, Circum ingredimur, in quatuordecim sedemur, equiria spectamus; neque tamen aut Xanthum, aut Cyllarum, aut Incitatum, aut Pegasus ipsum amplius, sed quem Tu seligis, alis, instruis, absolvis, Caballum admiramur,

Excellentiæ tuæ additissimi

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti  
Senatu 9 Cal. Februar.  
1663.

PROCANCELLARIUS

reliquisque Senat. Acad. Cantab.

ILLUSTRISIME PRINCEPS,

**U**T Tibi usque suppetat nova nobis benefaciendi materia, deerat quippe Collegio nostro necdum absoluto & ad fastigium bonâ fide perducto ultima manus, & exacti probè operis Complementum. Habitavimus quidem hucusque, maximâ cum Tuæ Illustrissimæ Familiæ Gloriâ, eleganter & splendide satis, quantum è re nostrâ esset, & liceret per temporum Literis infensorum incuriam. Sustinent se  
for-

fortiter satis muri nostri, nec ruinam minitantur, aut  
 admittunt (nisi quâ decet) solem: nec dispuderet Il-  
 lustrissimam Comitissam Salopiensem sui Operis, cujus  
 firmitati in tam grande Collegii nostri Ornamentum tot  
 anni suffragantur. Sed deerat adhuc, quæ transeun-  
 tibus memoriam tanti beneficii refricaret; Honoratissi-  
 mæ Principis Effigies, & quasi Vicaria Inspectrix tanti  
 ædificii, nostræque in bonis studiis profectionis. Et no-  
 stri nos puduit vesci frugibus, nec arborem suspicere,  
 unde tanta nobis beneficia decidebant. Ergo per Te li-  
 cuit, Illustrissime Princeps, nobis non jure impingi posse  
 Ingratitudinis notam: & jam ex voto collocata in  
 Collegii nostri tholo nobilissimæ Amitæ tuæ Effi-  
 gies, nos animabit indies, quasi novus loci Genius, &  
 tantæ præsentis Conscientia urgebit nos porro in hoc li-  
 terarum certamine, ne inutiles vixisse videamur, aut  
 pæniteret olim Illustrissimam Heroïnâ, inter tot gau-  
 dia, quibus in Cælo jam fruitur, fecisse nobis hæc otia,  
 hanc Domum, alterâque à Serenissimâ P. M. Prin-  
 cipe Margareta Fundatrice nostra habuisse hujus Col-  
 legii Procurationem. Et quidem, ne fecerimus hoc an-  
 te, & obsignatum Testati simus tanti beneficii grati-  
 tudinisque nostræ nomen, obstitit bellorum rabies infensa  
 Principibus, Familiæ Tuæ, Literisque (Hæu nimis)  
 in universum omnibus. Licuit nobis tantum inspicere  
 defossum sat altè in sacris hisce ædibus locum Illustris-  
 simæ Mariæ Salopiensis Statuæ destinatum, & ingemis-  
 cere, tantum potuisse delirans in rabiem usque isthoc se-  
 culum in-pientissimam Nobilissimæ Fæminæ memo-  
 riam, in Literas bonas nostrâque omnium Gratitudi-  
 nem. Nec tamen deteretur aliquid de Illustrissimæ  
 Comitissæ Gloria, dum nobis (serò licet) detur esse  
 Gratis, dum perennaverit Collegium nostrum, Hono-  
 ratissimæ Principis Statuæ inscriptum: Et ne sola sint  
 Fluvio-



*Fluviorum quorundam miracula, discurrere scilicet lato alveo in lascivientem riparum viriditatem, deinde subducere se ex oculis, & acto per occulta aliquorum milium cursu emergere rursus, & vindicare sese in superiorem magnitudinem: emicabit melius post tot annorum intervallum Illustrissimæ Comitissæ fama, & quantum licet per gratissimam nostram beneficii in nos Ejus Commemorationem, majorem sibi conciliabit è longinquo Reverentiam. Si audeamus hæc tantæque spondere in Mortuorum memoriam, quo ergò Tibi, Illustrissime Princeps, superstiti adhuc (bono cum Deo) satisfiet à nobis, cui tam solenne est, & hæreditarium tot beneficiis Collegii nostri vota, & omnia Honoris suffragia demereri? Ut autem serum sit Lacrymosum illud alterum defuncti olim Herois celebrandi, & posteros nostros potius maneat officium; ut diù faveas nostro nomini; dedocetque hæc tempora immanem illam in Literas feritatem summa illa Comitas Tua, quæ tot externos Principes Tibi conciliasti, expugnasti Invidiam, nullum Tibi infensum reddidisti, nisi communem omnium hostem, in votis summè est.*

Illustrissime Princeps,

Clementiæ Tuæ devotissimis Clientibus

Magistro & Sociis Collegii

D. Joannis Evangelistæ

in Academia Cantabrigiensi.

O

Most

## MOST EMINENT PRINCE,

ON whom to father the rare, and admirable Method of Horſmanſhip, that ſingular, and uſeful Invention, which hitherto ſo many Nations, and ſo many ſeveral Societies of men, and ſo many Commanders in chief, have earneſtly deſired, though Strangers peradventure may, yet of all men alive We of the University cannot be to ſeek; becauſe every ſingle line, that *Apelles* draws, ſerves us for a ſufficient Character, and Cognizance of the Artiſer: But in regard of our unfeigned, and unalterable Zeal for the Duke of *Newcaſtles* honour, We did heretofore (if your Highneſs remember) now and then entreat, and beſeech you not to ſuppreſs any longer (than neceſſity required) ſo learned, and uſeful, and compleat a Work. In that humble petition of ours whether we did as became us, or no, we determine not: only (with leave) we ſuppoſe that the reaſonableneſs alone of our importunity prevailed at length with, and overcame a General otherwiſe abſolute, and altogether invincible. Whereupon at this day (by your Princely favour) we ſee and with exceeding delight (as occaſion is) peruſe a ſecond demonſtration of your abilities, expoſed now to publick view, for the benefit of all generous and high-ſpirited men in *Europe*, ſo that no man hereafter may dream of any Perſon in any Place whatſoever, more Noble, or (in what part of Learning you pleaſe) more an accompliſhed Maſter, than your moſt Excellent ſelf: for, as if in the former Volume you had only vouchſafed us a taſt to whet our Stomachs, you now ſpread, and furniſh a Royal Table with all ſorts of Delicacies; you

you now gratify the appetite of your Countrey-men; you now encounter, and answer the enquiry of *Cambridge* Philosophers, in whose judgement your last adventure seems always to be the most Glorious. If they will enter the Lists, and compare, we challenge not only these old Professors, *Bellerophon*, *Sesostrius*, and *Sarmenes*, but also the later Authors of greatest account in *France*, and *Italy*, *Pignatellus*, *Labrovius*, and *Grison*. Let them altogether appear, and either they must immediately vanish, or else ingenuously blush that they are but once named in the same day with matchless *Cavendish*. And although they may seem, at first, somewhat more than ordinarily concerned, to be thus at length reduced, yet as soon as ever they hear the Name of Duke *William*, they bow to your Sovereignty, and falling infinitely short of your Glory, they confess you the most absolute and only Master, and themselves your Pupils. But why do we mention these several Dressers, when as (if we look abroad) we may daily see both Kings and Princes resorting to your Palace, condescending to sit at your Feet, and intreating you as their Oracle to declare unto them, first where and of what Race to chuse a Horse for the Mannage, and then how to Feed, and Order, and Mount, and to Work, and Raise, and Stay, and Ride in all Voltoes, and Corvetts, Forward, Backward, Side-ways, on both hands, just as the Rider directs. For this same purpose, and in order only to be Matriculated into the Duke of *Newcastle's* Academy, the renowned Cavaleers of all Orders attend; whether they be Knights of the *Golden Fleece*, in *Burgundy*, or the Knights of *St. Michael*, in *France*, or the Knights of the

An-

*Annunciation in Savoy, or the Knights Batchelors, the Knights of the Bath, and the Knights of the Garter, in England: for all agree to learn of you, to Back, to Sit, and Ride, as you direct; and whensoever at a loss, or puzzled, or in dispute to acknowledge you the only Governour, and Dictator, and Umpire, and such a Master of Horse, as can (when you please) infuse sense, and reason not only into Men, but also into Brutes. Most deservedly therefore shall you (Great Sir) in your Book entertain, and exercise the Studies not only of this, but likewise of succeeding Generations, as we confidently presage, and promise our selves, who are*

*Your Graces most Humble*

*Cambridge, March. 13.  
1667.*

*and most Devoted Servants,*

*The VICE-CHANCELLOR.*

*and the whole Senate of*

*the University of Cambridge.*

**EMINENTISSIME PRINCEPS,**

**U***Nde sit equestris Methodus, Illa tot Gentibus, tot hominum contuberniis, tot Imperatoribus expetita GAZA, minimè omnium miramur; nam Apellem statim ex lineæ subtilitate. Verum, quia Te singularitèr adamamus, quod elucubratum es, laboriosum, & doctum Opus ne semper intra Vestæ penetralia concluderes, sæpe (si meministi) pluribusque verbis interpellavimus: rectene, an perperam, Ipse videris; certè postulationis nostræ æquitate victus es, & expugnatus tandem Dux aliàs insuperabilis;*  
*hinc*



hinc alterum videmus, & beneficio tuo obtinemus  
 excellentis ingenii periculum, quod in Europæ totius  
 Theatro facere dignaris, Ne quis in posterum imagi-  
 netur Uno Te quicquam esse uspiam aut generosius,  
 aut (quâ parte velis) eruditius. Etenim quasi supe-  
 riori Volumine salivam tantum nobis movisses, Mensam  
 nunc instruis aberiorem, nunc Civium quoque desideri-  
 um explēs, nostræque Philosophorum expectationi satis-  
 facis, quibus proxima quæque tua non possunt non vi-  
 deri consummatissima. Conferant se (neque enim re-  
 pugnamus) non modò Veteres illi Bellerophon, Se-  
 ioltris, Sarmenes; sed hesterni (si placet) Domito-  
 res Itali, Gallive, Pignatellus, Labrovicus, Grison;  
 quid? Velut Umbræ diffugiunt; & quamvis in ar-  
 gumento nobili dolent sibi palmam præripi, tamen, ubi  
 Nomen audiunt Gulielmi Ducis, agnoscunt numen,  
 longèque infra Cavendishii laudes jacentes, summum  
 Illum, unicunque Magistrum, se verò contrà faten-  
 tur. Sed quorsum tergeminus, Agitatores loquimur?  
 Cum Reges etiam, & Terrarum Domino cernamus  
 ad Te convolantes, Te (præstantissime Moderator)  
 affectantes, Te consulentes, interrogantesque, ut ab Ori-  
 gine primâ repetas, discernas, expendas quâ Regione,  
 stirpèque veniat Bellator Sonipes, quomodo parandus,  
 alendus, erudiendus, curandus, insiliendus, erigendus,  
 admittendus, compescendus, & in omnem partem pro  
 arbitrio flectendus; nec alio fine, quàm ut in tuam Unius  
 Academiam adscribantur, limen jam tuum obsident sa-  
 cri (quotquot in honore) Collegæ, sive Aurei Velleris  
 apud Burgundos, sive S. Michaelis apud Gallos, sive  
 Annuntiationis apud Sabaudos, sive denique Perisce-  
 lidis, aut Balnei, aut Ordinis Aurati in Patriâ: Nam  
 tuum ad nutum se componunt, tuis auspiciis inscendunt,  
 & equitant, & quotiescunque vel delirant, vel abdi-

tum aliquid, abstrusumque quærunt, omnibus, & singulis Tu Rector, Tu Thesaurus, Tu Dictator es, & Princeps juventutis, qui non hominibus jam amplius, sed Brutis ipsis mentem, animumque inspiras. Quocirca tuis laboribus non solum hujus seculi, verum etiam omnis ævi studia exercebis, quemadmodum in antecessum sibi pollicentur.

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti  
Senatu 3 Id. Martias  
1667.

Eminentiaæ tuæ cupientissimi

PROCANCELLARIUS

reliquisque Senat. Acad. Cantab.

Eminentissimo Illustrissimoque Principi, Gulielmo  
Duci, Marchioni, Comiti Novo-Castrensi, &c.

EMINENTISSIME PRINCEPS,

**R** Ecensere singulos quos nactus es Titulos operæ res esset difficilioris, quos autem mereris prorsus infinitæ; Publica Tua in Unversum Orbem merita hunc nostrum præcipue Britannicum quanta sint vel hinc licet conjicere, quod privata in nos Tua pro dignitate exprimere solliciti etiamnum sumus neutiquam valeamus: Silentio tamen præterire beneficia satis quia laudare non possumus, à leviori nos esset culpâ expedire majorisque criminis reatum contrahere, ingratos palam profiteri, ne in dicendo rudes videamur. Tentandum igitur est aliquid etsi parum succedat, in magnis utique voluisse sat est; Voluntati licet impar sit potentia, impotentiam officiosa excusabit voluntas. Ignoscas itaque, Princeps Illustrissime, si devoti suspiciamus virtutes Tuas, quas vel novisse tibi uni omnes acceptum referimus; si mirari subeat tuæ in  
cæteris

cæteris potentiae præstantiam, qui vel Equos potis es reddere ipsorum custodibus si non omnino pares, parùm saltem inferiores; Tua in ipsos usque adeò cùm arte valet industria quod tantùm non efficias ut humana societate digni videantur, quos nisi sola æsciceret loquela, conquerentes audiremus se injuriâ rationis participes non haberi, quùm à Te edocti maximum in Republica sint Belli præsidium, maximum ibidem Pacis ornamentum. Solus ergò qui potes, tanta pergas perficere, *Vive diu, tibimetipsi soli diuque similis, Ornes inventis Orbem, Consilio Regem juves, Patriam auxilio incolumen præstes, & nos Tui studiosissimos Tuo usque Patricinio tuearis.*

Dat. è Coll. S.S. & Individuæ  
Trin. 5 Cal. April. 1668.

Johan. Pearson, Magist. Coll.

Gorgius Chamberlaine, V<sup>m</sup>.

Clem. Newil.

Rich. Boreman.

Guliel. Baylie.

Robertus Crane.

Humph. Babington.

Rich. Stedman.

Robertus Scott.

Excellentissimo Invictissimoque Principi, Gulielmo  
Duci Novo-Castrensi, &c.

ILLUSTRISSE CELSISSIMEQUE PRINCEPS,

**Q**Uàm gratum animi cultum affectumque, cùm  
universa togatorum gens, tum Musæ preser-  
tim DEO Triuni sacra, Familiae Tuae de-  
beant & enixè devovent, ut non tam ex verbis, quæ  
longo

longo post linguis intervallo, quàm ex-causis, quarum  
 Ipse Author es aestimare velis, à Clementia Tua demisse  
 obsecramus. Enimvero, ut taceamus ingentia dona in  
 literatos jugiter collata, tum præclara ista, quibus, una  
 cum forulis nostris tantum non succumbimus, volumi-  
 na, novis nos urges & oneras gratiarum argumentis,  
 beneficia beneficiis pertegis, & quo majus plenè exco-  
 gitando non poteras, Teipsum donas. Quo quidem in-  
 troeunte, videtur Bibliotheca nostra, Vestrae veluti  
 Magnitudinis æmula, augustiorem multò speciem in-  
 ducere; & ne quid adventus desit solennitati, sponte  
 sedibus suis se movent minorum gentium Heroes, cer-  
 tatim ad unum omnes assurgunt, & facto agmine in  
 angustias ruunt, ut Tibi locum officiose cedant. Quos  
 inter Antesignanus CÆSAR, Britannorum olim hostis  
 acerrimus, herbam Tibi promptissimè porrigit, priorem  
 lubens agnoscit, & serò tandem intelligit difficilem  
 fuisse de Insula nostra victoriam, utpote quæ Tui si-  
 miles, & Te tulerit. Sed defunctorum istæ gratu-  
 lationes, & superstiti etiamdum Principi minus ac-  
 commodatæ: Quòd verò per ora hominum domi forisque  
 volitas, quòd celebria Tua dicta, & res palàm gesta,  
 omnium oculos auresque trahant, & tanquam syderum  
 influxus ubique præsto sint, id imprimis Excellentissi-  
 mæ Heroinæ MARGARETÆ Tuae, tum fidelissimo U-  
 lius Interpreti meritissimò ferimus acceptum. O  
 factum bene ut quæ posteris æternum profutura sunt,  
 ab oculatâ teste, & individuâ rerum Tuarum Sociâ  
 exarata transmitterentur; ut quæ orbe Terrarum con-  
 scio perpetrata sunt, linguâ gentibus communi celebren-  
 tur; ut totius denuò Europæ Magnates Novo-Ca-  
 strû Vitam tanquam virtutis omnigenæ Exemplum,  
 legant, suspiciant, imitentur. Quod nostrum est inter-  
 ea, DEUM Opt. Max. suppliciter oramus, Ut æ-  
 tati



tati Tuæ quàm plurimos porrò annos propitius adjiciat, quibus veneranda Principis Senectus, quasi redditâ juventute, revirescat, & uberrimam novæ insuper Historiæ materiem posteris suppeditet.

Ità vovere indies non desinimus,

Celsitudini Vestræ devotissimi

Dat. Cantab. à Coll. S.S. atque  
Individ. Trin. Junii 19.1669.

Joann. Pearson, Magist. Coll.

Geo. Chamberlaine, V.M:

Clem. Nevill.

Guliel. Baylie.

Rob. Crane.

Humph. Babington.

Guliel. Lynnet.

Rich. Stedman.

Jo. Hawkins.

**Q**UOD usque adeò inclarescas, Illustrissime Princeps, quæque dudum Nominis Vestri celebritas meritò videbatur summa, major quotidie fiat, seriò illud Tibi, illud & nobis, si per Te liceat, Collegium nos Vestrum Superbè gratulamur. Quin pateris, Heros Amplissime, otia Vestra nunquam non occupatissima & à nobis interpellari, inque tantâ omnium adeundi vos salutandique contentione, ne Tuorum, ne domesticos, humiles licet, applausus dedigneris. Dum famam Vestram omnes ubique prædicant rapiuntque suas ad partes Nominis Vestri gloriam, dum Britannia sibi Te dum Academia vendicat, quidni & nos, quibus, utpote minoribus, tantum Patrocinium & de-  
esse

esse & deberi videatur, Te nostrum (quale nobis Decus & Ornamentum!) gloriemur? At nec fas est credere Amplitudinem Vestram ablatam nobis velle tam justam gloriandi Ansam, quum illud solum summis Vestris in nos Beneficiis egisse hucusque videaris, ne Tantus è nobis prodiisse Heros difficulter nimis olim crederetur. Versabamur manu animoque sedulo quæ apud nos sui Ingenii Vestraque vitæ Gestorum Elegantissima Monumenta deposuerat, Serenissima Princeps Consors Vestra Præclarissima, moramur singulis Paginis, Summa quæque, hoc est, omnia notamus, haurimus oculis quæ olim famâ nobis plurimum, non tamen satis innotuerant, dumque vivi vivum legimus, placidè perfruimur, & nostro & posterorum bono; & cum illâ in Re toti sumus opportunè supervenit Præstantissimum Tui Testimonium Egregium illud hodiè Bibliothecæ nostræ, imo Vestrae, Ornamentum. Accepimus Clarissime Ducum, hoc honoris & amoris Vestri Argumentum eâ, quâ par erat & reverentiâ & gratitudine. Reposuimus Librum Illum inter reliquam Musarum suppellectilem; nec erit in posterum quod malè audiamus quasi ex literis emollescerent nimium hominum animi, & non è nobis prodiret quisquam nisi rebus gerendis ineptior, cum Tu, Fortissime Dux, ducis Musarum Choros, exerces juventutem Academicam, excitas animos, regulasque ponis, quibus ad ardua quæque obeunda vel interlegendum assuefiant. Profuisti hucusque Patriæ populoque Vestro factis usûque rerum, quod cum ulterius nec licet nec opus est, ea Tu inter Pacis otia documenta tradis, quibus transeunt ad posteros Utiles artes; & ad quæ hujus Saculi homines per Exemplum, ad ea posteri ex præcepto vestro instituantur: nec ullum profecto magno Principe Immortalitatem merituro dignius benefaciendi genus quam quod in posteros erogatur:  
Non-

*Nondum Senuisti Præstantissime Dux, etsi emeritus, mereris tamen: Aciem instruis, disponis militem, exercitum ducis, & quicquid ad Victoriæ docti Equi fortēsque equites valuerunt unquam, & valuerunt plurimum, illud Tu vel inter otia & ludos meditaris: firmasti imperium hominum, Animalque nobis impar & Potentissimum ad usus nostros Amplitudo vestra feliciter efformavit. Quin mactæ virtute Vestra Dux Optime; instrue Tu tua tempora, ut deponant hodiè homines omnem morum feritatem, vel se fateantur ultrò ipsis Brutis immaniores. Hæc sunt otia Vestra; fruaris itaque Pace & Recessu illo, Serus in Cælum redeas, Sisque diu quod hodiè experimur, Ingens Britannia decus, literarum præsidium, & perillustre antiquæ virtutis exemplum pariter & firmamentum: Illa, prosperaque omnia Amplitudini Vestrae precamur.*

Devotissimi Tibi

Dat. è Collegio prædicto  
3 Cal. Aprilis, 1668.

Magister & Socii Collegii

D. Joannis Evangelistæ

in Academiâ Cantabrigiensi.

**V***estris imprimis auxiliis debemus, Illustrissime Princeps, quòd Nobilissima Domina, Salopia Comitissa, justis suis apud nos honoribus, quibus diù fraudata est, gaudeat jam tandem, & triumphet. Te autem, cui meritò in Bello maximi, in pace optimi contigit titulus, apud Reges, summósque Principes Equestris statuæ manet sedes, & expectat gloria. Tam magna præstitit Celstudo Tua, ut in solâ virtute sperari possint præmia, & contenta sit tantum meruisse. Nulli autem rectius sciunt, aut digniores sunt*



sunt, qui respublicas administrant, quàm qui vehementius averfantur & minimè volunt. Perduellium in Angliâ nullibi fiet mentio sine vestri nominis virtute & summâ laude, nec vel in dissitissimis terris tam horrificum belli fulmen latere potuit. Non mediocris nos honoris & superbiæ tangit sensus, cum cogitemus ea apud nos olim scientiæ, prudentiæ, & invidi animi se prodidisse specimina, quæ hodiè pleno elucescunt jubare. Magnus ex Illustrissimâ Familiâ contigit bonos, qui autem è propriâ virtute sequitur longè adhuc major est. Clarum virtutis & gloriæ facem, quam Celitudini Tuæ Parentes prætulērunt, lucidiorem tradet posteris. Superiores nostri ad nos detulerunt, quo animo & studio nos simul & bonas literas, dum hîc moram traheres, prosequeris; id insuper nos in posterum unicè curabimus, ut ea, quæ hodiè de Te habetur opinio, incorrupta ad seros usque nepotos descendat, & diutissimè vivat. Ut autem egregia illa, quâ maximè gaudes et fulges inclarescat indies benefaciendi indoles, eam ipsis parietibus nostris inscribi obnixè petimus, utpotè quæ hac ratione ultra mortalitatis fatum sit duratura. Eorum in numero nos sumus, quibus stultitiæ nota inuitur, quòd ædificare ceperint, nesciunt autem perficere. Utinam non ita verum esset infortunium, quod vetat quo minùs hoc in nos quadret infame dedecus. Nobis enim non contemnendam pecuniæ summam testamento suo legavit vir quidam Optimus, quam huic usui destinavimus, ille autem, cujus fidei commissa erat fatis nuper cessit, & an cum illo sepulta prorsus sit, nondum satis intellegimus. In luto igitur relictî, à Te, aliisque quibus propentior ad benignitatem animus est, ostiatim emendicare cogimur, ut miserè claudicanti jam operi aliquale saltem præstetis auxilium. Non magna meditamur, non invidiosa arte extructa, non  
excelsis



excelsis & variegatis columnis suffulta, non cælatiſſis laquearibus elaborata, nec marmore fulgentia designamus tecta. Quod aggredimur, non ſuperbiæ aut luxûs, ſed neceſſitatis opus eſt. Extremit enim Collegii parietes miſerè nutant, & hianti ore ruinas minantur, ita ut hoc quod novum eſt quaſi fulcrum & pulvinar ſibi poſtulâſſe videantur. At anguſtiores inſuper ſedes noſtræ ſunt quàm ut ſuccreſcenti Muſarum ſoboli ſufficiant. Quare, ſi benevolentia Veſtra lapides cum Deucalione poſtergum jactent, numeroſiores exurgent juvenes, atque adeo plures veſtri Cultores. Det Deus integrum ſemper, quo jam gaudes, animum, corpus agile & vividum, ſenectutem tardam, vel quæ nihil habeat ſenectutis præter ipſam prudentiam. Sic Precantur,

Cal. Mart. 1671.

Celſitudinis Veſtræ humillimi Oratores,

Magiſter, Socii & Scholares

Collegii Divi Johannis Evangeliftæ

in Academia CANTABRIGIENſI.

# EMINENTISSIME PRINCEPS,

**N**on ubique locorum negliguntur, aut algent Muſæ; nam Tu foves indiès, & Almæ Parenti ſtudes adhuc: imò verò, conſtantiè adeo, prolixèque ſtudes, ut quò voluntatè iſtam egregiam in ævum retineres, propter incredibilem naturæ tuæ benignitatè ne quidem ſis admonendus; etenim ſponte tuâ ruis in amplexus Academiæ, nec ullum officiî genus omittendum tibi cenſes. At in Literis honeſtandis, in exornandâ Virtute dum ita tempus omne tuum traducis, ad ſummam profectò laudem, gloriàmque

R

con-

contendis: contendis autem (ut soles) magnis itineribus, & expedito planè cursu, quoniam Armarium Cantabrigiæ non Hipparcho jam ampliùs, aut Effigie tuâ vernaculâ solùm, verùm etiam Latinis Commentariis locupletas: Commentarios illos intelligimus (si placet) accuratos, & sanè quàm venustos, in quibus excellentissima Margareta perpetuam Rerum gestarum, Eventorumque tuorum Historiam condit. Quanti verò apud nos ponderis sit exquisitissima Lucubratio, noli querere Dux eximie; neque enim Ipse nescis, & nos certè Oratione nostrâ nequimus explicare. Id potiùs nunc agimus, ut Theatrum illud Honoris eadem operâ Cantabrigiæ, Tibi Seculòque gratulamur: Cantabrigiæ primùm, nihil jucundius esse potest, quàm Pericula & Labores evolvere Imperatoris tanti, quantus Ipse non Unius jam Britannix, sed omnium consensu gentium & es, & haberis: deinde. Tibi benè ominamur, quia Tibi (quod nec Achilli Homérico, nec Hectori Næviano, contigit) ad memoriæ dignitatem abundè sufficit à laudatissimâ Principe laudari, Quæ Te non ita tamen Immortalitati commendavit, ut non ipsa quoque in Te commendando propriam Ingenii gratiam sit consecuta: postremò, gratulamur huic Seculo, quod penè solus illustras, qui vel solus (consummatissime Dux) quodlibet seculum illustrare posses.

Eminentix tuæ addictissimi

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti  
Senatu 10 Cal. Junii  
1669.

PROCANCELLARIUS

reliquisque Senat. Acad. Cantab.

Molt

MOST EMINENT PRINCE,

**T**Hat Scholars are not every where, nor altogether neglected, your Grace is one of our greatest *Instances*; for as occasion serves you condescend, and vouchsafe both to countenance, and encourage us. And this you do, as with all imaginable success, so likewise with such wonderful obligingness, and constancy, that for a continual instigation thereto (we see) you need not the least item from us; for that purpose the goodness of your own Nature, and the nobleness of your Spirit is abundantly sufficient. But whilest in this manner you regard Learning, and embellish Virtue, you give the World to know, that you are neither a Stranger to, nor unacquainted with the direct Road to Honour, and Glory; And thither indeed only you march with such expedition and conduct, that you have already (beyond what an University can write) enriched our publick Treasury with some lasting Monuments of your Skill and Gallantry. Shall we beg leave to remember your Book of Horsemanship, which we love to peruse and boast of to Strangers? Or will you permit us, with all thankfulness, to name your last Favour, that accurate and faithful History (which the most Excellent *Margaret* hath writ) of your Life, and Actions? In what esteem the former Work is among us all, we have already declared; and what we think of the latter, ask us not (we pray you) most incomparable Duke; for you know very well, and we cannot, in any words of ours, sufficiently express. Only we presume at present to congratulate so fair a Theatre of Honour to the University of *Cambridge*, and to your self, and to  
this

this whole Generation of men altogether : First, to the University, which cannot but with exceeding satisfaction read over the Atchivements, and Hazards of so famous a General, as you are, and as all Brave Men acknowledge you to be : for your own sake in the next place we rejoyce, because ( which neither *Homer's Achilles*, nor *Xenophon's Cyrus*, nor *Nævus his Hector* attained to ) your Actions are registred by an unparrelled Princels, who yet hath not so transcribed your image, as not therein to interline, and insert a very legible Portraiture of her own Wit, and Parts : Last of all, we must needs be glad for the lustre, and advantage of this present Generation, which now almost shines alone in You, most accomplished Prince, who of your self alone are sufficient to have ennobled any other Generation of men whatsoever. Long therefore may you live in this reputation. So we Pray, and remain,

Most Excellent Prince,

Your Graces most Humble

Cambridge, May 22.  
1669.

and most Affectionate Servants,

The VICE-CHANCELLOR

and the whole Senate of  
the University of Cambridge.

Madam



M A D A M,

**T**He worthy present which your Excellency hath been pleased to make me by Mr. *Slaughter*, hath stricken me into new admiration of your goodness and knowledge. The first, that you are pleased to retain so obliging a memory of a Person that can no ways merit so huge a Favour: And for the second, every Page in your excellent Book, affordeth abundant matter. I think my self exceeding happy that I live in the age which is blessed with the presence of so brave a Person as you are, Madam; who as you are the Ornament of this, will be the Envy of all future ones. But your Excellency loveth as little to hear your own Praises, as you do much to deserve the greatest. Therefore I will not adventure upon that impossible task, but shall reduce my self into my own Orbe of Humility and thankfulness, for this great Honour you have been pleased to do me, assuring your Excellency with all, that you could not have deigned it to any man living, who is more than I am,

M A D A M,

*Paris, June 9. 1657.**Your Excellencies most Humble**and most Obedient Servant,*

Kenelme Digby.

I Crave leave of your Excellency, that I may present here my most humble and obliged Respects, to my Noble Lord, my Lord Marquis your Husband.

S

Madam,

M A D A M,

I received your Honours Letter, and the Books according to your Command, and had not a fatal Sickneſs for a long time confined me to my Chamber, and made me unfit for any buſineſs, (and much more to Write to ſo Illuſtrious a perſon) I had long e're this returned my moſt humble, and hearty Thanks for that infinite Honour you were pleaſed to do me (a poor impertinent thing in Black) in deigning to write, and truſt me with the diſtribution of your Favours (or magnificence rather) to the Univerſity. Your Books were received (as indeed they ought) with very much reſpect, and gratitude, and I am commanded by the ſeveral Colledges to returne their humbleſt Thanks to your Honour. I inſcribed every Book before I gave it to the reſpective Colledges, with ſuch an Inſcription as Poſterity might know who was their Benefactor. For inſtance, that to *Magdalene Colledge*, thus,

... *Liber Collegii Divæ Magdalene, ex Dono Illuſtriſſimæ Heroinæ Margaretæ Novo-Caſtrenſis Marchioniffæ, Authoris.*

What this ſignifies your Honour may eaſily know. I humbly beg your Honours Pardon for this confident, and (I fear) impertinent Scribble of,

M A D A M,

Your Honours moſt Obliged

Humble Servant,

Thomas Barlow.

Madam

2. Coll. Oxon.

Mar. 24. 1655.

MADAM,

**Y**our Honour pleased to Command two Books (lately composed by your Excellency) to be sent to *Cambridge*, one to be placed in the Publick Library there, and the other to be bestowed upon my self, your Honours meanest Servant; It is and shall be my Care that this, together with that other formerly sent, may remain a Monument to Posterity of your Excellencies great worth and singular affection to our University, which I doubt not but will, for ever, be most gratefully acknowledged, by such as shall frequent the Common Library, and especially by him whom this great Favour hath rendered

*Your Excellencies most Humble*

*Cambr. Octob. 22. 1656.*

*and Thankful Servant,*

*William Moore.*

MADAM,

**I** have received, from your Excellence, the Book you sent me by Mr. *Benoist*; which obliges me to trouble you with a short expression of my thanks, and of the sense I have of your extraordinary Favour. For tokens of this kind are not ordinarily sent but to such as pretend to the title as well as to the mind of Friends. I have already read so much of it (in that Book which my Lord of *Devonshire* has) as to give your Excellence an account of it thus far, That it is filled throughout with more  
and

and truer Idea's of Virtue and Honour than any Book of morality I have read. And if some Comique Writer, by conversation with ill People, have been able to present Vices upon the Stage more ridiculouſly and immodeſtly, by which they take their rabble, I reckon that amongst your Praises. For that which moſt pleaſes lewd Spectators is nothing but ſubtile Cheating or Filch, which a high and noble mind endued with Virtue from it's Infancy can never come to the knowledge of, I Reſt

Febr. 9. 1661.

Your Excellencies

moſt humble Servant

Thomas Hobbes.

#### ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,

**I** Received (by the hand of your ingenious Servant) that moſt noble Preſent, (thoſe excellent Books) you were pleaſed to ſend our Colledge, and (the meaneſt of your moſt obliged and thankful Servants) my ſelf. I confeſs I am (and for ever ſhould be) amazed at your Excellencies condeſcention, your great charity and magnificence to things ſo far below you, did I not well know that the greateſt goodneſs is moſt diffuſive; that thoſe Glorious Heavenly Bodies (even the Sun it ſelf) diſpence their Rayes and benign Influences to Vallies and little Villages, to Shrubs and Mole-hills, as well as Mountains, or the talleft Cedars. I ſhall not call your Excellencies Books an addition to our private Library, but this a little acceſſion to them;



them; they being (like their Illustrious Author) a far greater Library of Arts and Ingenuity. Sure I am, even *Bodlies* Library cannot boast of any such Donation, since King *James* sent his Royal Works, and those of his late Martyr'd Majesty were placed there, nor is like to do, till Kings and your Excellency, write and send again: whose parts are not (in a tedious way) acquired, but infused; not got by Study, or a laborious industry, but given by the immediate and propitious Hand of Heaven, and therefore more Divine, like that first principle from whence they flow. We have a Manuscript Author in *Bodlies* Library, who endeavors to shew, *That Women excell Men*: your Excellency has proved what he proposed, has done what he endeavored, and given a demonstrative argument to convince the otherwise unbelieving World. Your Works will be a just foundation of a lasting and immortal Honour to your self; (but I fear) a reproach to our Sex and us, when Posterity shall consider, how little we have done with all our Reading and Industry, and how much your Excellency without them. I shall not endeavor (what this and after ages will) to commend your Writings (they are their own best Panegyrique) he that would do this well, should have the genius and elocution of their great Author. My onely aim is, humbly to acknowledge a Debt I can never pay, and return the unfeigned thanks and gratitude of

(*Most Illustrious Princess*)

2. Coll. Oxon.  
May 21. 1663.

Your Excellencies most devoted  
and most humble Servant,

Thomas Barlow.  
Madam

T

MADAM,

I received ( a fortnight ago ) your Honours Letter, and the Books you sent; one to the University Library, one to the Vice Chancellor, and another to my self. Mr. Vice-Chancellor received your Book ( as indeed he ought ) with very much thankfulness, and sense of the great Civility you had done him, and commanded me to return his respects, and hearty Thanks, which he would have done himself, but that both he and his Family hath been sore visited with Sickness ( for almost a whole year ) so that he has not been ( nor now is ) in a condition to write. The like thanks, and ( if possible ) infinitely more, I must return in behalf of the University, and my self; being amazed at your goodness, and undeserved Kindness, that a person so Illustrious, and ( for place and parts so ) Eminent, should look upon so unconsiderable, and impertinent a thing in black, as I am, but that I know the Sun doth shine on Shrubs, as well as Cedars, and Princes many times cast their Favours upon persons infinitely below them; whence they can expect no return but gratitude; and when I fail to pay that Tribute ( so justly due to your Honour ) may I have your hate, which will be the greatest curse I am capable of. I have as yet only read one Story in your Book, and the Language, and Ingenuity of it, to me seems such, that I am perswaded the famous Monsieur *Scudeny* would wish himself the Author of it. If I mistake not I think I told you in my last, that I had a Manuscript Book in my keeping ( for it was never yet Printed ) which the Author intitles thus — *Womens Worth, or a Treatise*

*tise proving by sundry reasons that Women excell Men.*  
 Many of my Sex will hardly believe it, yet I believe your Honour may prove the best Argument in the World to convince them of their infidelity. I humbly beg pardon for this rude and impertinent Scribble. That God Almighty would be pleased to bless you and all yours, is, and shall be, the constant Prayer, of

M A D A M,

2. Coll. Oxon.

Sept. 3. 1656.

Your Honours most Obliged,

Humble Beadsman

Thomas Barlow.

M A D A M,

**T**Hat I have not long e're this made at least some slender return of the meanest Gratitude, a verbal acknowledgement, I take the greater boldness now at length to Apologize; for that it is in no small measure justly chargeable upon the Chain of those grand Favours, wherewith (as the *Roman* Lady of old, with Bracelets and Jewels) I have been, by your Excellency, overwhelmed into an Extasy. The truth of which is too much evidenced by an undeniable argument, that like such as are newly rowled out of a Trance, not yet fully returned to my self, I now begin to talk Idly. Indeed I could not but deplore my own unhappiness; as equally rack'd between two hateful extreams, Ingratitude and Presumption, that can neither be silently grateful to so Noble a Benefactress

factress, without too palpable and disingenuous unworthiness, nor verbally thankful to so Illustrious a Princess without a Solæcism; but that I am well assured your Excellencies Heroick Candor will at least connive at the most rude, if cordial and humble, expressions of a most devoted mind. And such (Madam) is that, I here with all submission present unto you, loaded with such various Instances of your signal Favours, as never can (except we could suppose your Illustrious self may) find out a Parrallel. That so mean, so obscure a Person should have the Honour of receiving first into his custody so rich a Treasure, as the genuine Product and Issue of so Noble a Mind; and then be commanded to divulge this his Glory, by presenting them to a whole University in so Glorious a Name; that this Honour (a high Reward it self) should yet be further enhaunced by a splendid Gift, truly worthy the Grandure of the Donor, and that transmitted by that Golden Pen, which hath enricht the World with such excellent variety of inimitable Writings; that a poor scanty Study should swell into a Library, and become a Repository for such rich Volumes; — Pardon me (Madam) if at these reflections I wax proud, and be transported beyond the narrow compass of my contracted self. Your Excellencies Bounty (a true Transcript of the Divine) creates, what it cannot find, a worthiness in the Receiver, and ennobles him, whom it makes the object of generous Beneficence.

What Honourable reception your Excellencies former Works (in the possession whereof each private Colledge-Library, as well as that publick one of the University, justly prides it self, and boasts its riches



riches) found amongst us, as (indeed) by very few Acknowledgements then signified: How much more acceptable these latter Volumes are, silence alone can best tell. Few durst before adventure upon so difficult a Task: and the Reason since that is more apparent and confirmed (if I may without prophanation make use of the most Illustrious Lord Marquess his Expression) — *None now dares write a Letter.* —

What concerns my most unworthy self, is, that I shall, in Testimony of my thankfulness, and as a perpetual monument of your Excellencies munificence to me when I die, transmit your noble Gift as a sacred Heyre-loom to my Family, and whilest I live, shew your Princely Hand as the Letters-Patents of my greatest Honour, which is to have this leave of wholly devoting my self ever to be

*Illustrious Madam,*

*Your Excellencies most Humble*

*most Obedient, Obliged, and*

*Unworthy Servant, and Vassall*

David Morton.

Madam,

**S**ince my last, I received by the hands of (your Grace's faithful Servant, and my worthy Friend) Dr. *Mayne*, two Copies of my Lord Duke's life, (writ by your Grace) one for our Colledge, and another for my self. I cannot  
 V but

but admire your Graces great goodness and condescension, your continued munificence and charity to us ( excellent Virtues which I wish in all, but find in very few ) which with all humility, and a deep sense of the very many Obligations laid upon us, we thankfully acknowledge. He who thinks to requite, undervalues your Grace's Favours; which ( like your eminent parts and place ) are too great to admitt any proportionable returns from us, besides our constant Prayers and Gratitude; which ( as in duty we stand bound ) we shall duely pay. I have read your Graces Book, which is writ with so much evenness and conspicuity of Stile, so much truth and generous impartiality, as well becomes the ( Illustrious persons most concerned, the ) great Subject and Author of it. His Grace's high Birth and Fortune, his unstained Royalty to his Prince, his great Courage, and prudent Conduct, and such other his Graces eminent Virtues have deserved, and your Grace's Hand has built him a lasting Monument, which ( when Pyramids of Brass and Marble perish, or, being Sacrilegiously removed and stoln, disappear ) will transfer both your Names and Honours to all Posterity. That the good providence of Heaven would long preserve and prosper your Grace ( the honour of your Sex, and by your unparaleld Virtues the reproach of ours ) is the Prayer of

M A D A M,

2. Coll. Oxon.

Feb. 2. 1687.

Your Grace's most Obliged,

Faithful and Humble Servant,

Thomas Barlow.

Madame,

MADAME,

**J**E ne puis attribuer l'honneur que Vous m'avez fait de m'envoyer Vos œuvres, qu'à ce que vous avez sceu qu'autres fois j'avois apporté icy d'Angleterre que ce qu'il y en avoit déjà de publié. C'est, Madame, que j'honore infiniment la Vertu partout où je la descouvre, & qu'elle est encore plus à admirer en Vostre Sexe & dans les Personnes de Vostre qualité, que dans le nostre, & parmi les sçavants; Je la propose en exemple à toutes les Dames dont j'ay l'honneur de m'approcher, & je prens maintenant la liberté, Madame, de vous feliciter du plaisir que vous avez d'eslever si fort vostre ame par dessus les autres, & de vous mesler si avant dans toutes les intrigues de l'Univers. C'est bien autre chose que de n'estudier que celles d'une Cour, & que de ne choisir des ornemens que sur une toileté. Dieu veuille, Madame, qu'un si noble divertissement vous occupe tousjours, & que vous croyez aussi tousjours que je suis,

MADAME,

A Paris le 3 d'Octob. 1669.

Vostre très Humble

&amp; très Obeissant Serviteur

SORBIERE:

Tres Haut &amp; Puissant Prince

**C**eroiroiton qu'il est possible que vostre tres-Illustre Altesse se pouvoit encore souvenir d'une si inutile creature que moy? depuis 25 ans que je suis retirée de Paris, & parmi les plus rudes attaques

attaques de la Fortune qu'avoient agitée vostre Altesse comme les tonnerres & les Vents qui taschoient debrayer les forts Cedars du Lebanon, en maintenant la sainte cause, d'un des plus justes Rois que jamais a esté ou que jamais y sera. En lisant ceste hystoire veritable de la vie de vostre Altesse faite par ceste Tres-illustre, & Tres-vertueus Princesse, Madame la Duchesse, j'avois de la peyne a retenir mes larmes, ayant esté moy mesme une triste spectateur de toute ce que passa à Paris & fidel intelligencier de tout ce que passoit en Flandre & la Holland jusques au retour de vostre Altesse en Angleterre; & je veu que toute ces travers de la Fortune, ne consista en autre chose qu'à une perpétuel combat, entre le voulloir & le pouvoir de vostre Altesse; L'une combattant pour l'establissement du Roy, par le depence inevitable qu'il falloit pour maintenir sa juste cause, presque aux abois, non seulement, par le sequestration des immenses re-venues des biens de vostre Altesse, mais par le constraint qu'on vous fit de vous retirer, a fin pour ensuitte de ruiner la cause du Roy par le ruine qu'on vous fit le premier; mais Dieu vous a suscitée des amys, & vous avez un pouvoir plus ample qu'auparavant, & il a faite de vostre Altesse come Dieu fait à Job en restituant le decouple son saint nom soit louée & vous continue sa paix, & sa sainte Grace. Je leu aussy la Philosophie de la Haute & vertueuse Princesse Madame la Duchesse, veritablement Tres-curieuse; & en estate de faire honte à nostre miserable Philosophie de l'ecolle que n'est autre chose qu'un vray jeu des Cartes; consistantes en Sophismes & Authorites mal citées, la quelle a perdue la Theologie, & rendue la Medicine la Risée du Monde, et pire que l'Emperice: Et quoy que je n'entend pas l'exercise du manage des chevaux



non plus que le haut Almand; toutefois ces precepts me semble si Majestueux que tous les maistres du monde en doibt prendre exemple. C'est pour quoy je metteray ces Divines escrites dans le frontispiece de ma Bibliotheque, a fin que les enfants des mes enfants profiteroient de tout ces riches enseignements. Il reste maintenant que je remercie Tres-humblement vostre Tres-Illustre Altesse de la souvenance qu'elle volut avoir de moy, qui n'est pas tant triste de me voir reduitté a une si age que me devoit donner craint a mourir citô, come de me voir approchant à un age si grand qui me pourroit faire incapable de rendre a vostre Altesse les services dignes de la memoire que je dois conserver dans mon ame pour demeurer eternellement;

De Vostre Tres-Illustre Altesse

le Tres-humble

& Tres-obeissant Serviteur,

D. AUISSONE.

MADAM,

**W**Hen, in the Book which your Ladyship hath been pleased, by Mr. Benoit, to honour me with, I read so many Orations, upon so many several occasions, appropriated to so many several Persons, my admiration rises to so great a height, that I know not how to expresse it; yet when I consider that you, Madam, are the Author of them all, my Wonder then abates, the sight which I have had of your former Works, having raised my thoughts to an expectation of as great

a product, from your Ladyship's Pen, as this is: but when I think what thanks to return, for so great a Favour, I am quite at a stand, for were I as good a Poet, or Orator, as ever was, it were impossible, either in Prose or Poem, to set forth a sufficient gratitude. I find my self therefore, who have no Skill in either, obliged to say no more, but only to beg your Ladyship's acceptance of the Humble Thanks of,

*Bridgewater-house,  
Dec. 30. 1662.*

M A D A M,

*Your Ladyship's*

*most humble Servant*

J. BRIDGEWATER.

M A D A M,

**Y**OU have convinced the World, that your Sex can as well propagate Learning as our Species, and taught us justly to own all, from our Mother-Wit; 'Tis without the help of Classick Authors, Schools, or Languages, that you Madam, have composed your most excellent Poems, Playes, Fables, The World's Olio, Opinions Philosophical and Physicall, which are the greatest Prize the Invention of Printing can boast of: That Admiration and Praise, which your Excellency merits, must be the study of Ages to come; which, by your Works, may be made more knowing. Hitherto the stolen Tales of Learning, which Scholars, painfully disingenuous, have, in several Ages, Translated from lost Languages, and entitled themselves the

the Authors, are not Rules to try the truth of your notions, nor means to clear them to us, but skreen them from our captivated Apprehensions. Who means to Improve, Madam, by your discoveries, must study them alone, and freeing themselves of the Pains of Grammar Rules, tedious Methods, and the Fallacies of unproved Maxims, may arrive early at Truths, may know and be able to discourse things, not senceless Distinctions; and Philosophating, your way, from the visible effects of Nature, may soon know more than the Schools, make their Learning useful, and Bankrupt the Trade of Pedantry: That you have received, Madam, a Tribute of Applause from the Persons of most fame this Age affords; that Universities have done you Homage as the Queen of Sciences, will be the least of your Glory, whilst you instruct not them, but the Universe, not this alone, but succeeding Ages; and will have your Fame as oft renewed, as fresh Generations come to spy this World, by the light you leave them; which cannot be traduced, for it's Parentage, being sprung from your Rational Soul alone, that borrowing nought from others, can have no Rivall in Renown, but may challenge that singular Honour which all Ingenious Persons publish, and will be made Sacred to your memory, by the most learned, while I among the meanest shall live and dye,

M A D A M,

Chelfey, Sept. 4. 1662.

Your Excellencies Highest Honourer

and Humblest Servant

CHARLES CHEYNE.

May

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

**I** have, according to your commands, read your Excellencies Orations, and will not disobey your Excellence, in concealing my Opinion of them. Was it to condemn any thing, either in matter or the language, having your Excellencies Warrant for it, I would freely express it, and if it be otherwise, I beg your Excellencies Favour, that Truth may not pass for Courtship, as being to so great a Lady from so mean a man, it is in danger to be suspected, which your Excellence hath been pleased to foresee and forbid. I am, I confess, no great reader, of late, of new Books, having tried formerly, that to find in them the least Jewel it must be sifted out of a great deal of Rubbish, and the worst is, that their Authors take up Errors upon trust one from another, which the better they adorn with new dresses, the greater injury they do to mankind. To make up such Volumes out of Collections, as Bees gather Honey from this and that Flower, is rather laborious Industry than fine Wit; But to spin out of one's own Bowels, not Cobwebs as Spiders do, but rich Tissues of Gold and Silver, expresses a great Fancy well improved, with much thinking. As every man is not capable of so extraordinary Productions, so is not every Woman; but that Women are naturally as capable of it as Men, if not more, may easily be proved by making an exact comparison of both their Temperaments and Organs, which would be a discourse too long to be inserted in a Letter, and your Excellence hath so clearly decided that Question by your unimitable Works, that it saves sufficiently that trouble. The  
greatest



greatest Masters in Oratory having been necessitated to acknowledge, that the best art consists in hiding of it, it may be inferred, that it is yet better to have none at all, as a natural Amble is to be preferred to that which is got with Tramells, or the graceful Walking of a Gentleman more esteemed than the affected Demarch of a Dancer: and it is truly a very rare thing to be a great Scholar without being acquainted with the Universities, and Learned without the help of Teachers. As there is variety of Sciences, so there are several sorts of Capacities to acquire them, some proving excellent in one kind, some in another; but to be capable of all, as well Philosophy as Playes, and Poems as Orations, belongs only to a very few, whose Statues should be erected in all the eminent Places in the World, for their Glory, and our Admiration. I can hardly stop my Pen from describing what I have marked in general; for to set down my particular Observations; they are of so many extraordinary Things, that ordinary Terms (and I am capable of no other) cannot make them to be understood, and I am extreme sensible, that even what is commonly called Defect, here becomes comly, like some Moles in a beautiful Face, and that what seemes strange at first, because it crosses the usual Methods of our Studies, gives at last occasion of amazement, to see your Excellency go so far in the way of knowledge, with standing still, in a manner, and that others should run continually like Squerils in a Cage, without advancing forwards; which happens, I believe because they dare not, or cannot go one step without Stilts, and your Excellence trusts to the goodness of your Legs, having been pleased to allow me the

Y

honour

honour to read your Manuscript, I make no doubt but your Excellency will afford the patience to read this tedious Letter, which though it makes a very small sound, and a weak clapping of Hands, is a part of that great Applause the whole World gives to your Excellency, and a certain testimony, that I am out of Inclination, as well as Duty,

London, Sept 4. 1662.

M A D A M,

Your Excellencies

*most Humble most Obedient*

*and most Faithful Servant,*

BENOIST.

M A D A M,

**H**Ad I returned you this Letter of Thanks, for the great Honour you did me in sending me your Plays, before I had read them, it would have lookt like a peece of Flattery, and my Praise of you would have made me like a Blind man, who fell in love with a Beauty which he never saw. But having taken time to read them all over, and some of them more than once, I can now upon a clear Judgement assure your Ladyship, that my entertainment was so great, that I know not whether I read them or saw them Acted. For though the Plots, Acts, and Scenes, be drest in several shapes, and have that which is the life of Pleasure, a muscal variety, yet the Wit, and rich Composure of them is so much every where the same, that I fancied my self a Spectator in the perusal, and was doubt-

doubtful, whether your Ladyship with your Book had not sent me the new Theater too. I never in any Dramatick Writings met with more Honour and Virtue matcht with more Sharpness and delight. Which had it come from such a Pen as *Ben Jonson's*, who was always powring Oyle into his Lamp, and owed most of his Excellencies to his laborious Industry and Art, I should the less wonder. But coming from a Quill held by a Ladys Hand, who made it not her Toyl but Recreation to do rarely, confirms me in an Opinion which I have long held, That the best Art is nothing but the best Imitation of Nature; and that your Books are the true face, and others but the painted. Madam, as I look upon you as a great Princess, (for you are so) so that which renders you to be the Glory and happiest of your Sex, is that you can bring forth such Children of your Mind in a Wilderness, and in your Countrey Walks can chuse all the Muses to be your Maids of Honour. And, truly, when I consider one part of your happiness more, which is, That you have a Noble Lord to be your Fellow-Poet, whose Harmonious Soul and Wit, is exactly tuned to yours, I have nothing left to wish, but to be allowed to remain

*Your Ladyships*

*Oxford, May 6, 1662.*

*true Honourer,*

*Jasper Mayne.*

**Most**

MOST HONOURED,

I have waited long for a convenience to return my very humble gratitude to your Excellency, that the poor Church of *Litchfield* hath some hope in due time to receive some furtherance in it's Reparation, from your noble munificence. I am one of those many, that are perswaded, that your Excellency spent more Treasure to maintain the Royal Cause, in the late Warrs, besides the hazard of your Person, than any Subject in the three Realms; and am at wonder that it is not most eminently rewarded and repayed. My gracious Lord; I having been one from my youth addicted to the ingenuity of Poetry, whereof your Honour hath been a great Patron, did betake my self, thirteen years since, to write three Books in Verse, Latine and Heroick, to bewail the most barbarous murther committed upon the person of King *Charles* the Martyr. The work is long-since finisht, and shall in due time be publisht; In the third Book thereof, mention being made of his Majesties most Heroick Champions, these Verses following, set forth your Excellency as I was able;

*Quid Neo-Castrensis parat, audentissimus Heros,  
Musarum, Martisque decus, Mensæque benignæ?  
Cogit ab egelidis Boreæ regionibus agmen  
Intrepidum, læthumque volens pro Rege pacisci.*

Receive this Testimony, my very gracious Lord, from him that is willing to embalm your memory with due praise.

*Litchfield, Feb. 10.  
1663.*

Your Excellencies

Most Devoted Servant,

Joh. Lich. & Coven.  
Madam



MADAM,

I Gave your Grace not long since the trouble of a very large Letter, and know not whether I may wish it came safe, being affraid there was some kind of rudeness in so tedious a Scrible. I now send this to crave Pardon for the bold importunity of that; and to desire another addition to your Graces Favours, which is, to honour the last Edition of my *Witchcraft* with your Illustrious Eye, and Acceptance. I suppose I have in it answered some of your Graces Objections, and have added a Relation or two, which I am well assured of, and believe them good evidence of Fact. I have ordered that Book I have so long spoken of to be sent with it, if it can yet be procured; and implore your Graces ingenious Candor in judging the faults of both. For that of Preexistence I have many things to say more about it, which I think not fit publickly to expose; your Grace may command my inmost sentiments of those matters which I shall be proud to impart to a Person of so great Honour and Judgement, being really

M A D A M,

Bath, Dec. 22.

Your Grace's

Most Humbly

Devoted Servant,

Jos. Glanvill.

Z

May

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

**I** held a long dispute within my self (most Noble, and most Honourable Madam) whether I should not incurr the just censure of Condemnation, by this bold presumption of writing to your Ladyship, a person so noble, so courted, so admired, and I so obscure, that I could never brag of the happiness once to have seen, much less of being known to your Honour: my low condition on this hand, deterred me much, and on that your Illustrious Place, balanced with a gallantry of Spirit, well becoming your true Nobility, in birth and match: yet when I considered, in my mind, that your Honour was pleased to appear now in another dress, under the Veil of Books, I thought myself unworthy that exceeding Honour you have vouchsafed me, if I should not, at least, acknowledge, what I could never retaliate or express: And who can express the merit of that noble favour? The Heavenly Raptures of your Soul, composed with that elaborate skill, and beams of pure Wit, that your lines pass admiration? Were those Antients now alive, who first discoursed of Atomes, Matter, Form, and other Ingredients of the Worlds Fabrick, they would hang their Heads, confounded to see a Lady of most Honourable Extraction, in Prime of youth, amidst a thousand fasheries of greatness, say more of their own Mysteries, than they with all their worldly contempts, long Lives, Cells, and Solitary Retirements. Great Souls in the light of conversation, gain far more Knowledge, than mewed up Cloysterers, and shew more to the World; their Inventions shine more Orient, their Illuminations  
more

more Refulgent, though cloathed in vulgar termes, their own peoples Dialect: Few mount Fames Chariot with borrowed Wings: and those old Philosophers too knew only their own Tongue *Greek*, as your Honour complains you only speak your Native *English*. Wherein they had some advantage of you, a Language more copious, round, and full, though the *English* can want no Elegance, Propriety, or Sweetness, when it flows from such a Mouth as yours, or drops from such a Pen. Go on then (most Honourable Madam) to bless the World, with these noble Infants of your Brain; give Posterity an example for after Ages, since former have given you none, but what you have outstript: It were Impiety, to wish you less great, that Courtships might not defraud us of your Immortal monuments: No, be great still, Diminutions would but cool those Heroick Fires within you; let Fortune confer all her Gifts on you as Nature hath all her endowments,

*That you may raise your Muse to such a Pitch  
As all shall Gaze and Wonder at, none reach.*

And I assure you (most Noble Madam) you can never stand higher, or greater in the whole Worlds esteem than you now are, and ever shall be in the most deserved Veneration, of him who glorieth, to subscribe himself,

*Most Honourable, and most Virtuous Lady*

*Utrecht, Dec. 2.  
1653.*

*Your Honours most Humble*

*and most Devoted Servant*

Robert Creyghtone.

May

*May it please your Excellence, My ever Honour'd,  
Most Noble Lord.*

**W**Hen I last had the honour to kiss your Excellencies Hands at *Antwerp*, you were pleased to bestow on me, *The Passions of the Soul*, Written by the Noble *Du Cartes*, in Token of your singular Love. and Respect to me: The Work Learned, the Author Renowned, rendered the Gift Eminent, but much more, conferred by so Honorable a Peer, upon so unconsiderable a creature, as my self: and all ought to have been vehement incentives to a thankful acknowledgement: yet hitherto your splendor, even in this your Eclipse, hath so prevailed over my modesty, that I buried your Favour not in Oblivion but Silence; thinking it well became my condition, rather to hold my peace, than speak below the merit, or flat the sublime dignity of the Person to whom I should speak. But now your Excellencies late accumulation of excessive Charity, in sending me by *Dr. Morley*, the Works of your most Honourable, Vertuous, and Learned Consort, hath chidd my Ingratitude unto a Blush beyond Confusion; and made me feel some of *Du Cartes* Passions, transferred from your first gift to your second: I should have consecrated all my pains, to your never dying Fame, as to a prime Patron of Learning, and I receive Books from you; Books rare and transcendent, distilled from the Brain of a most Noble *Minerva*, a Lady, your own Lady, whom delicacy of Education, height of Birth and Place, might well have exempted from such inferiour employments: yet



yet compos'd with so curious art, quick stile, refined airy notions, Words so proper elegant and delightful both in Verse and Prose, that I must ever admire the Harmony of her inspiring Soul: And thence reflecting on my self, blame my own unworthiness, who have spent more time at Universities, without any benefit to Posterity, than her Honour hath lived years in the World: so fresh and vigorous is her Fancy, so dull and superannuated mine: yet in this dejection of Mind, I am much refresh'd, that your Excellence accounts me worthy to read her lines; you cast me down, and raise me up; cast me down by her Writings, which as I never expected, so I never hope to parallel, and you raise me, by the uncanceled estimation, which you still bear in memory of my mean self. It is your goodness (my ever Honoured Noble Lord) to peruse low things with Grace and Mercy, and the method of all Honourable Souls, to shine on Shrubs, that their Favours may higher advance in Prospect. You subjugate my Affections, as you do great Horses to your Managery. *Napoli gli putedri, Roma scozzona gli huomini*, the Italian Proverb goes; *Naples tames Horses, and Rome Men*: The Virtues of both reign in you: In the rare art of taming Horses you excell all mortals, and subdue Men by a no less wonderful Affability: that he must be out of the light of reputation, whom you have not particularly obliged, or pointed out with some mark of Honour: I triumph much in your respect of me, not that I have deserved it, but that you have vouchsafed it; and shall wish no longer to be blest, then I

shall evermore endeavour to express my self in all things.

*Utrecht, Dec. 2. 1653.*

*My ever Honoured most noble Lord,*

*Your Excellencies most Obligated,*

*and most affectionate Servant,*

*and Beadsman.*

*Robert Creighton.*

MADAM,

**I** was very much surprized when your Servant saluted me from so Illustrious a personage; but when he produced those noble Volumes as an intended Testimony of your Ladyships respect, the unexpectedness of so great an honour made me suspect the Messenger of a mistake, and that he presented me with what was meant fitter for the Colledge, or at least to some more worthy and considerable person than my self. But he persisting still in the same story, my doubts were swallowed up into admiration of your Ladyship's singular and unparalleld goodness; which seems to me to be Corival with the excellency of your Wit, and to seek an equal share of Glory in searching out Objects of such condescending Acts of Civility, and Bounty, in these obscure corners of Academical Retirement, as the other in piercing into the greatest difficulties and the most dark and obstruce Recesses of Philosophy. Madam I humbly crave Pardon for my boldness, and impatience that I offer so hastily to return thanks for so eminent a Favour, before I have well computed

ted the value thereof, nor as yet fitly polished and adorned my Stile, by a longer converse with your Ladyships most Elegant and Ingenious Writings. But the cause of defects in this kind being so freely confessed, your noble candor will be pleased to accept the rude reality of those speedy acknowledgements made by

*Thrice-Excellent Madam,*

C.C.C. June 9.

*Your Ladyships most Humble*

*and Thankful Admirer,*

Henry More.

MADAM,

**I**N you, the World hath an Illustrious Example of the truth of their Opinion, who hold, that no Virtue is single, but alwayes accompanied with some (if not all) of its Fellows. For (to omit those many other Virtues, which seem to contend each with other, which shall render you conspicuous) to that general Charity of yours, whereby you dayly oblige all mankind, in supplying the poverty of their Understandings with the Spiritual Almes of Knowledge; you have added an extraordinary Generosity, by enriching with your choice Volumes, the Libraries of some particular Persons, whom you are pleased to think capable of comprehending your curious Speculations therein contained. And in the number of these your Bounty hath given me a right to account my self. For which eminent Grace and Favour while I strive to shew my self Grateful, I find  
my

my Faculties wholly taken up with Admiration: and that Reason I should make use of, to help me express my sentiments decently, is dimmed with the Glories of the Person to whom I address. If, therefore, I am not able to acquit my self of that Duty, as I ought; you are to reflect on the exceeding difficulty of it. Justice requires, you should pardon the Effects of that Transport and Astonishment, of which your Excellencies are the cause: and when I cannot advance the due Tribute of Thanks, you ought to admit my Homage of Acknowledgements.

Your Wit, Madam, is above all Commendations; your Industry above Belief; your Labours, in Writing, above humane patience; your Curiosity above Imitation; your Notions above any, but your own Subtlety; and all above your Sex. Your Collections by the improvement they receive from your fertile Brain, become your own Productions: and those obscure Hints delivered to you in the Discourses of others, by passing through your lightsome Imagination, are turned into bright and full Discoveries. You solve Problems with more ease than others have proposed them: and your Pen hath this particular advantage, that it leaves no Darkness on the Paper besides that of the Ink. Where you treat of Arguments formerly handled by others, you either give them more light, or contract what they had before into a narrower and more familiar Compass; and upon all occasions you either produce new things, or speak old ones after a new manner; so that you stagger the truth of that saying of the wise Man, *That nothing is new under the Sun.* Your Expressions



sions for the most part are Natural, yet Select; at once explaining and adorning your Matter: and they who read your Books with design to be informed in points of Philosophy, find themselves at the same time introduced also in Rhetorique. In a word; while you bring Reasons for the most admirable Works of Nature, you shew your self to be her greatest Miracle: and your prodigious Sagacity inclines even the Envious to believe, that all you need do to comprehend the most obstruse things, is only to think on them.

This Language, Madam, is but the imperfect *Echo* of your merits; nor can any thing, but your modesty, hinder you from owning it so to be. However, I most humbly beseech you to hear it, as most proper to that high Honour and Veneration due to you from,

*Most incomparable Madam,*

*London, May 3. 1663.*

*Your Excellencies*

*most humble Servant,*

Walt. Charleton.

M A D A M,

**Y**Our Books have here had a very honourable, and publick Reception, and are not only placed in the private Libraries of every single Colledge, but in the publick also. Not without the Applause and Admiration of the Learned men of this Place, that one of your Sex, a great Princess, and not bred to the Arts with

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labour

labour, and toil, as they are, should with so much excellent variety appear among us. And truly Madam when I consider the various Subjects you have past through, it would pose me something to find a proper place in any Library for your Works to stand in, whether among the Orators, Poets, Philosophers, States-men, or Polititians, since every one of these may be ambitious to stand next you. Nor can I forbear to let your Ladyship know, that the two last Books which you were pleased to send to me, added to the former, which I had the honour to receive from you, are for their number my lesser Library, but for the value which I put upon the Noble Hand which drew the Lines, far the greater. Your Servant tells me you would willingly have some of them translated into the Catholick Language. Though it will be hard to make them speak so good *Latine* as they now do *English*, yet I have prevailed with an Ingenious Person of this Colledge to undertake the Work when ever you shall please to assign his Task, whereby your Writings will be enabled to travel beyond the Seas, and spread themselves, both to your Honour, and the Honour of your Nation, as far as the Commonwealth of Learning reaches. How far your Ladiship will be served in this particular, when you are come to a resolution with your own Noble Thoughts, you may please to signify to

*Christ Church in Oxford,*  
May 20. 1663.

M A D A M,

Your Ladyships real Honourer,

And most Obliged Servant,

Jasper Mayne.

Madam,

M A D A M,

**I** Have the ill Fortune when I am bound to acknowledge a very high Obligation to your Excellence, at the same time also to stand in need of your Pardon, that I have done it no sooner. However, I wish I had the Skill to perform the one part as answerable to your merit and my duty, as I am confident of your goodness to give success unto the other. The Books you condescended to bestow upon me have turned a sorry Study into a rich Library, which are so much their own commendations (besides the gloss your Honourable Name must give them) that mine I fear may look like Injury and Rebatement to their Worth. I must not, Madam, be too bold with your hours, which you have devoted to better uses than the reading of such Papers; but with the tender of my humblest Thanks to your Excellence for the high Honour you have vouchsafed me, wishing you all the happiness of this, and the better life to come, I Rest,

*Edm. Hall, Oxon.*  
*June 30. 1663.*

M A D A M,

*Your most humble Servant,*

Thomas Tully.

Madam,

MADAM,

**I**N obedience to your Commands sent me by your Servant in his last Letter, I have put your Book of Tales into the Hand of a fit person to translate them into *Latine* as I think either University can afford. Being an exact Master of both Languages, and enabled with a *Genius* fit for such an undertaking. I have also read as much of your Poetry translated by a young Scholar as hath hitherto past his Pen. In some parts whereof I find him happy enough. But your Excellent Fancy expressing it self sometimes in Terms of Art, and Words only known to Philosophy, he tells me the hardest part of his Task will be how to find out current *Roman Words* to match them. To remove which difficulty, I have directed him to read *Lucretius* before he proceed farther; who having softened the most stubborn parts of Natural Philosophy, by making them run smoothly in his tunable Verses, by an easy Imitation will teach him to do the like. Having in these two particulars most readily served you, I should return you my Studied Thanks, for the several Books you are pleased to send me, if they did not make me unhappy, by conversing with the Children of your Mind at so great a distance from the incomparable Parent. For I do assure your Excellency, I look upon *Welbek*, as long as you are there, not as a Noble House seated among solitary Groves, but as a perfect Court of Wit and Learning, where you have all the Muses for your Maids of Honour; and the best Philosophers, Statesmen, Orators, and Historians for your Counsellors: And all these for the Glory of your Sex, created from  
your



your self. Had I the Art, like some here, to teach Birds to Speak, All the Fowls which fly in your Woods should presently be transformed to Nightingales, and taught Musick enough to sing the praises of so great a Mistress. To whose Vertues I shall always remain,

*A most real Honourer*

*And Devoted Servant,*

Jasper Maine.

*London, April 21. 1664.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

**H**AVING received a Copy of your Works, for the use of the Library of *Christ-Church*, and another as a particular favour to my self; I hasten to make my acknowledgments for both: and must beg leave to say that your Excellency has found the way to make the Arts truly liberal, while you not only adorn them by your Culture, but propagate them by your munificent distribution. So that it will rest a Problem not easily to be resolved, whether you appear greater in your acquisitions or obligings: whether you instruct the World, or enrich it more? But it were an envious piece of curiosity, to labour in the Heraldry of your Virtues which are all greatest, because Yours: and are not to be the Subject of Contest, but Argument of Praise and Admiration: In particular manner they are such, to

*Your Excellencies*

*Most Humble and Obliged Servant*

Jo. Fell.

Madam,

Cc

MADAM,

**I** Am very sorry that my unhappy Fate hath necessitated an unbecoming Slowness in acknowledging a Favour, that requires all possibilities of Gratitude, and exceeds them. But yet, had I nothing else to say in excuse of my no earlier return to the last Noble effects of your Graces goodness, it were sufficient; That my sense of that mighty Honour was too big for my Pen; and when I began to speak my resentments of it, I found myself as unable to express them, as to deserve their occasion. Bet yet, Madam, this is not all the reason, for I was from home when your Grace's Present came, and have been so almost ever since; otherwise I had not added to my want of merit on other accounts, that also of appearing insensible, and defective in endeavours of acknowledgment; I must say endeavours, for my Gratitude can rise no higher. Since my receipt of your Grace's ingenious Works, I have, as my occasions would permit, cast my Eyes again into them, and I am sorry they cannot dwell there, where I find so pleasing, and so instructive an entertainment. And though I must crave your Pardon for dissenting from your Grace's Opinion in some things, I admire the quickness, and vigor of your Conceptions, in all: In which your Grace hath this peculiar among Authors that they are, in the strictest sense, your own, your Grace being indebted to nothing for them, but your own happy Wit, and Genius; a thing so uncommon even among the most celebrated Writers of our Sex, that it ought to be acknowledged with wonder in yours. And really, Madam, your Grace hath set

us a patern, that we ought to admire, but cannot imitate. And whereas you are pleased sometimes to mention your being no Scholar, as an excuse of defects, your modesty suppoeth; By that acknowledgment you shew our imperfections that pretend we are so, rather than discover any of your own.

As for the last Trifle I was bold to present to your Graces Eye, it is much indebted to the obliging reception you were pleased to afford it; and there is nothing that sets such a lustre on your Graces great Wit, and Intellectual Perfections, as that sweet candor of your Spirit that renders you so accessible, even to your meanest admirers. Whereas your Grace is pleased to object against some part of the design of my Discourse, that it sets the perfection of the sense higher than that of Ratiocination; I humbly desire that your Grace would consider, that there are two sorts of Reasoning, *viz.* Those that the Mind advanceth from its own imbred *Idea's* and native Store, such are all Metaphysical Contemplations. And those natural researches which are raised from experiment, and the objects of sense. The former are indeed most perfect when they are most abstracted from the grossness of things sensible, but the others are then most complete when they are most accomodated to them; and when they are not, they are Aery, and Phantastick. Now what I have said about these matters is to tie down the mind in Physical things, to consider Nature as it is, to lay a Foundation in sensible collections, and from thence to proceed to general Propositions, and Discourses. So that my aim is, that we may arise according to the order of nature by degrees from the exercise of our Senses, to that of our Reasons; which

which indeed is most noble and most perfect when it concludes aright, but not so when 'tis mistaken: And that it may so conclude and arrive to that perfection, it must begin in sense: And the more experiments our reasons have to work on, by so much they are the more likely to be certain in their conclusions, and consequently more perfect in their actings. But Madam, I doubt I begin to be tedious, and therefore, at present dare add no more, but that I am,

*Illustrions Madam,*

*Your Grace's most Humble*

*and most devoted Servant,*

Jos. Glanvill.

MADAM,

**I** Had not thus long deferred my dutiful Acknowledgments to your Ladyship for the Honour which I received, with your Ingenious Book of Orations; if I had not been in hopes to recommend my Gratitude by presenting your Ladyship with this Poem, lately Printed; and though it ought not to be ranked amongst those polished Pieces, which are derived to the World from your fair hands; yet, Madam, I cannot doubt of your candid Reception of it; since in that shining Circle of *Graces*, which Illustrates your Character, there is not any one more conspicuous, than your Generous Humility; which I am confident, will obtain my Pardon of your Ladyship for presuming  
to



to return you such a worthless Present, and Diverting you from those solid Entertainments, by which you so improve your Heroick Spirit, and honour the Commonwealth of Letters.

M A D A M,

Norwich, May 12. 1663.

*I am with profound Respekt*

*Your Ladyships most Humble*

*and most Obedient Servant*

S. Tuke.

*To the worthily Honoured Dr. Charleton, Physitian  
in Ordinary to his MAJESTY.*

HONOURED SIR,

**H**AVING received the noble Present from Dr. Yerbury's hand, which you were pleased to recommend to his care; and with it, the very signal Favour of your obliging Letter; I hereby hasten to render my acknowledgments in reference to both, which yet must needs fall short, of being in any degree, a just return to either. I have in the inclosed attempted to speak mine, and the Universities Duties, and most grateful recognitions to my Lord Duke: but can only hope they may become acceptable from the advantage your Hand and Recommendation will give them: and indeed I shall the more need your Friendship herein, because I understand some Persons have, according to the method of ill Nature, pleased themselves in doing me unhandsome Offices, with

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the Excellent Princess her Grace. Whose great and piercing Understanding will, I hope, unravel their vile Arts, who can only recommend themselves by traducing others. Sir you will speak a great Truth, and do no less an Obligation both to this Place and me, if you shall be pleased to assure my Lord Duke and his incomparable Princess, that this University and my self have all imaginable gratitude for their Favours, and Veneration for their Persons: I shall with the same sincerity make profession of the just regard I bear your self, and desire to be esteemed

S I R,

Dec. 26.

Your most Faithful

Humble Servant,

J. FELL.

M A D A M,

I Received the Honour of your Graces last Letter; but have not time now for so large a return, as so ingenious a Discourse might justly require, only I cannot forbear intimating to your Grace, that I am not so fond a mechanist, as to suppose all the *Phænomena* of the World to be raised meerly by those Laws; but most of them perhaps by a Principle that is vital; And the *Anima Mundi* I take to be a very likely, and convenient *Hypothesis*. Of this I am ready to give your Grace an account, that you shall be pleased to permit it. But the business of this is somewhat of another nature, being to implore a Favour from your Grace, not upon

upon mine own, but a publick account. There is in this Place a Library erected, chiefly for the diversion of Gentlemen that come hither upon the occasion of the Bath. There are in it several worthy Authors, but it wants the great Honour and Ornament of the Illustrious Dutchess of *New-Castle's Works*. I know, Madam, your Grace hath alwayes writ out of a Principle of Noble Generosity, and Charity towards Mankind; and are very ready to dispense your Influence to those that need your Informations: To this I understand most of the considerable Libraries of *England* can bear a Testimony; and therefore I am bold upon the confidence I have in your Grace's goodness, to become an humble Solicitor in the behalf of ours, which will be very much ennobled by so glorious an Instance of your Grace's Favour, if you shall please to Honour it with those Ingenious Works, by which your Grace doth so much outshine your Sex, and many, that would be thought the greatest Wits, of ours. You see, Madam, what an apprehension I have of your Grace's Benignity and Candor, in that I can appear before your Grace in a request for a Favour to others, when I am my self so infinite a Debtor to those many obligations your Grace hath been pleased to lay upon me, for all which I have nothing to return, but the most humble and devout Acknowledgments, of,

*Illustrious Madam,*

*Bath, Octob. 13.*

*Your Grace's most Obedient*

*And most Obliged Servant,*

*Jos. Glanvill.*

*Madam,*

MADAM,

I Received a fresh obligation from your Grace in the excellent History you were pleased to order for me. In which your Grace hath done right to one of the most Illustrious Hero's of our Age, and erected a lasting Monument to his Virtue. And in it, Madam, your Grace hath sweetly and wonderfully twisted the Faithfulness of an Historian, with the Affections of a Wife; And your Illustrious Lord hath in this an Honour beyond the other great Subjects of History, That his Grace hath not only as much deserved to be Celebrated as they, But hath moreover the happiness of the nearest Relation to an Heroine, whose Pen is as Glorious as his Sword. And 'tis not easy to say which is really the greater Wonder, the Famous Loyalty of that great Person, or the uncommon Excellence of the Pen that described it. But I must take up from a Subject, in which, when I have said all I can, I shall be defective; and return to the last Letter wherewith your Grace was pleased to Honour me. For the business of Witches upon which your Grace reflects again in this, I have spoken many things more about it in some Additions to my Considerations, which I am now sending to the Press. As soon as that Discourse is extant, I shall beg your Graces acceptance of it. In the interim those things may be superseded.

By *Lower Nature* in my last, Madam, I meant, the meer Animal, and Plastick Faculties, whose violent *Impetus* is the cause of many of our irregularities and vices. As to the rest, I acquiesce in your Grace's Determinations; And whereas your Grace is pleased

to



to Excuse the liberty of Arguings; 'tis Madam with me that which least of all things needs to be excused. For I profess the largest freedom of Discourse and Inquiry. As for violent and captious Disputes and Oppositions, I indeed much dislike the immodesty, and immoralities of them; But for free and ingenious exchange of the Reasons of our particular Sentiments, 'tis that which discovers Truth, improves Knowledge, and may be so managed as to be no disinterest to Charity. Your Grace Madam, I know is a Person of so much Honour and Judgement, as not to take any thing amiss from my liberty in expressing my apprehensions, which I use not to obtrude upon any, but to propose to their Consideration and Enquiries; and for my self there is nothing obligeth me more than the knowledge of variety of Conceptions. There is a Discourse of mine extant upon a Subject not very ordinary, which contains Notions which some excellent Persons have not despised, and are not usually met with in other Writings. I am inquiring after it for your Grace, and as soon as I can procure one (which is not very easy, that being out of Print) I shall submit it to your Grace's Judgement. I never saw that Book of Experimental Philosophy, which your Grace mentions. And to this, Madam, I have no more to add at present, but that I am

*Your Grace's most Humble*

*Bath, Aug. 25.*

*Honourer and Servant,*

*Jos. Glanvill.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

**I**T was most fit and equal that as your great Name and Merit transcends the glories of other Persons; it should be also as singular in its Description; and have an Historian some way proportioned both in Honour and unparallel'd Capacities to its self: which just felicity having happened to your Grace, by the Pen of your Illustrious Princess, it remained that one narrow dialect, should not confine that Relation to this our Island, which was to give Example to the Heroes of all Nations. And now that in this respect also, your Name is happily Consecrated to Eternity, We of this Place, are to look upon it as a signal Honour, to be made Sacrists to it: and to think it a particular Reward of our suffering in that cause, which you so gloriously asserted, and accompanied in its fall, to be judged a proper repository, for the Noblest History of its greatest and most busy transactions, and of the Person most gloriously concerned in them. And certainly while *Oxford* is an University of Loyalty, as well as Learning, which I hope it will never forget to be, your Graces virtues and achievements, will be their equal argument of Study, and Imitation: as now your Favours are of their most grateful recognition and acknowledgment: which in their behalf, with all possible Devotion, are laid at your Graces Feet, by

*Your Grace's*

*Dec. 26.*

*Most Obedient most Humble,*

*And most Faithful Servant,*

J. Fell.  
May

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

**I**T was my misfortune to be abroad in ~~Kent~~ when the Letter wherewith your Grace vouchsafed to Honour me, came to *London*. And therefore as I came late to taste the Pleasure of so high a Favour, I hope your Grace will permit me to plead that delay in excuse of this slow return of my most humble Acknowledgments and Thanks for it. My most Noble Lord (were it not known by experience that great Persons, and great Minds, are most apt to stoop from their own height, and own mean and inconsiderable services offered to them) I should say it was too low a Condescension in your Grace, to take notice of my readiness to comply with your Desires: Wherein (beside the discharge of my Duty) I did likewise serve the ends of my Ambition; it having ever been the Vanity of Soldiers to think themselves dignified by the Honours done to their General. This made me with great Delight employ my self in Designing that for your Grace, which I should be sorry to live to accomplish, being already unhappy enough, in Burying too many Princes. For the thing it self I am glad to see the King do that which is so decent and worthy of him, as to order your Grace a Tomb among the Kings, who have always been so near to him, and who stood up so close to his Father in extremity of Danger, and so bravely, that had not God designed to restore the Crown, in his own Miraculous way, it had certainly been done before by your Hand. However your Grace hath prepared for your self a more Noble, and more lasting Monument, in the Fame of your Heroick Actions, of some of them I  
had



had the happiness to be an Eye-witness, upon which  
pretence I humbly beg the Honour to retain unto  
your Grace in the Quality of

My LORD,

Your Grace's most Obedient

Bromley in Kent,

July 2. 1671

Souldier and Servant,

Joh. Roffen.

To, the Incomparable Princess, MARGARET,  
Dutchess of NEW-CASTLE.

MADAM,

**A**Mong many other things, by which your  
Grace is pleased to distinguish your self  
from other Writers, this seems to be not  
the least remarkable; that whereas they imploy only  
their wit, labour, and time, in composing Books,  
You bestow also great summs of Money in Print-  
ing Yours: and not content to enrich our Heads  
alone, with your rare Notions, you go higher, and  
adorn our Libraries, with your elegant Volumes.  
To that general Charity, which disposeth you to  
benefit all Mankind, you have added a singular  
Bounty, whereby you oblige particular Persons:  
and out of a Nobleness peculiar to your Nature,  
you cause your Munificence to Rival your Indus-  
try.

This, *Madam*, among many other your Ex-  
cellencies, Gratitude commands me to acknowledge;  
Your Grace having been pleased to number me a-

mong



mong those, whom you vouchsafed to honour with such extraordinary Presents. For which I know not how to shew my self duely thankful, otherwise than by celebrating your Generosity, and returning you some account of the good effects they wrought in me, while I perused them. Which considering the Noble End for which you wrote them, and my inability to make you a more proportionate retribution; will not, I hope, be unacceptable to you. To this purpose, therefore, I am bold to send your Grace this rude Paper. Which yet I design, not as a Panegyric of your worth (for what affects us with admiration, strikes us also with dumbness: and Stars are best discerned by their own lustre) but as a short Scheme of my own grateful Sentiments. And if I be not so happy, to deliver them in Language agreeable to the dignity of the Subject, I humbly beseech you to consider, that such occasions offer themselves very rarely; and that nothing is more difficult, than to make the Pen observe *Decorum*, where Reason is put into disorder, Justice, *Madam*, requires you should pardon the effects of that astonishment, whereof your Wonders are the cause.

They tell us, that the End of all Books is either profit, or pleasure: but I think that distinction (as many other in the Schools) might well be spared: because, in truth, profit supposeth pleasure; and pleasure is the greatest profit; nor am I ashamed to profess, that in all my reading I have no other aim but pleasure. It will not then, I hope, *Madam*, be thought derogatory to the Profitableness of your Grace's Books, If I acknowledge my self to have received very great pleasure in reading them. And

this pleasure was so charming, it so far transported me, as often to make me wish, you might never entertain a resolution of causing your works to be Translated into any other Language: that so all Ingenious Forreigners, invited by the Fame of your most delightful Writings, might be brought to do Honour to the *English* Tongue, by learning it on purpose to understand them. For I am zealous for the Reputation of my native Language, and of so communicative a temper, as to desire all men should participate of what I find delectable. Besides, I could not but remember, that I had known a great Man of our Nation, who studied *Italian*, only to acquaint himself with the *Mathematiques* of *Galileo*, in his *Del Movimento*, and *Saggiatore*; and *Spanish*, meerly out of love to the Incomparable History of *Don Quixot*: and was thereupon the more apt to promise my self that your Grace's Works, no less admirable in their kind, than either of those, would have the like influence upon some of the *Bons Esprits* beyond Sea. But this, *Madam*, was only my Wish: it is not now my Counsel. Should I here particularly recount to you, what the things were, that raised this so great delight in me, I should both offend by prolixity, and tacitly cast disparagement upon the rest. For,

*Pauperis est, numerare Pecus,*

He is but poor, who can account his Wealth:

And what the witty *Roman Stoic* said of the excellent sayings of *Zeno*, *Cleanthes*, *Chrysippus* and other Princes of that Sect, may be conveniently accommodated to the delightful Remarks every where occurring in your Books, viz. That no choice can be made,

where

where all things are equally Eminent. However, because there is no satisfaction in Generals, and that Order is necessary to plainness: give me leave to divide my Text into three parts, your *Natural Philosophy*, your *Morals*, and your *Poetry*.

For your *NATURAL Philosophy*; it is ingenious and free, and may be, for ought I know, Excellent: but give me leave, *Madam*, to confess, I have not yet been so happy, as to discover much therein that's *Apodictical*, or wherein I think my self much obliged to acquiesce. But, that may be the fault of my own dull Brain: and Oracles have been after found true, that were at first Dark and *Enigmatical*. Again I am somewhat slow of belief also; a continual seeker: as conceiving, I have too much cause to be of *Seneca's* opinion, that *Men* may, indeed enquire and determine what is most probable, but *God alone knows what's true, in the things of Nature*. Nor am I single in this Sceptical Judgment: The *ROYAL SOCIETY* it self (the Tribunal of Philosophical Doctrines) is of a constitution exceedingly strict and rigid in the examination of Theories concerning Nature; no respecter of Persons or Authorities, where Verity is concerned; seldom, or never yielding assent without full conviction: and that's the Reason why it made choice of these three Words for its Motto, *Nullius in verba*.

This *Madam*, can be no discredit to your Philosophy in particular, because common to all others: and he is a bold Man, who dares to exempt the *Physics* of *Aristotle* himself, or of *Democritus*, or *Epicurus*, or *Des Cartes*, or *Mr. Hobbs*, or any other hitherto known. For my part, Seriously, I should be loath



to affirm, that they are any other but ingenious Comments of Mens Wits upon the dark and inexplicable Text of the World; plausible Conjectures at best; and no less different, perhaps, from the true History of Nature, than Romances are from the true actions of *Heroes*. Nor will I adventure to determine, which of the two, *Aristotle* or your Grace, hath given us the best definition of the Humane Soul: He, when he calls it *Entelechia*; or you when you say, it is a *Supernatural something*, &c. So difficult is it to make a judgement of what seems incomprehensible.

Nor are you to be discouraged, *Madam*, If your Philosophy have not the fate to be publicly read in all Universities of *Europe*, as your Grace, doubtless out of a most Heroic ambition to benefit Mankind, desires it should. For, while Men are Men, there will be different Interests, and consequently different Opinions: nor is the multitude of Followers a certain sign of the Soundness, but of the Gainfulness of any Doctrine. If, therefore, the World, which is obstinate (you know) and governed by prejudice, will not be induced to esteem, what you think useful; the blame lyes not at your Door, and you ought to console your self with this reflexion; that you have sufficiently testified your good intentions, and done more than your Duty, in publishing your Conceptions. Besides, the *Virtuosi* of our *English* Universities have, of late years, proclaimed open War against the tyranny of Dogmatizing in any Art or Science: and as for those of the *Roman Religion*; there is, I fear me, but little hope, of making them your Proselytes. Because those canting Politicians, called *School-men*, having made a new and

par-



party-colour'd Vest for the Church, of a kind of Drugget, consisting of the Thrums of *Peripatetic* Philosophy, cunningly interwoven among the Golden threads of the Christian Faith; and prevailed; upon Princes to make it Piacular for any Scholar to appear with his Judgement clad in any other Livery: it is not very unlikely, the Professors there will soon be brought to offend their Superiors, by laying aside the defence of *Aristotle's* Maxims, to assume the Patronage of New. So that in my silly concept, as the Cabbage is observed to starve the Vine, if set too near: so the Philosophy of *Thomas Aquinas* and others of the same mystical Tribe, will hinder the growth of yours, in the same Ground.

For your *MORAL* Philosophy (for so I take liberty to call your occasional Reflections upon the Actions, Manners, and Fortunes of Men) Your Grace has not, indeed tied up your Pen to the laborious rules of Method, or the formality of a new Systeme in *Ethics*: but (what is as well) you have opportunely, and under various heads, dispersed many useful remarks, concerning Prudence, as well Civil, as Domestic, in most of your Writings. And this, it may be presumed, you were pleased to do, not for want of Skill to reduce your rules of life into the order of dependence and connexion; but with design, to shew your plenty, and surprize your Readers with good counsel even where they least expect it. You chose rather to regale us with delicate Fictions, under the veil whereof wholesom instructions are neatly contrived, than to embarrass and tire us with the observation of a long train of Precepts, which are never so effectual, as when naturally flowing from agreeable Instances and Examples. Your very in-

terludes contain adviſo's, and your digreſſions are ſeaſonably inſtructive: like wiſe Husbandmen, you plant Fruit-Trees in your Hedge-rows, and ſet Strawberries and Raſberries among your Roſes and Lillies. This, *Madam*, is a piece of no ſmall art, though not obvious to common Eyes: and if any diſlike the courſe you have taken in thus ſcattering and diſguiſing your *Morals*; I would have him asked this Queſtion, Whether or no it be folly for a man to reſuſe to gather Oranges and Citrons, only becauſe the trees that offer them, are not ranged in the Order of *Cyrus's Quincunx*? or whether a Noſegay be leſs fragrant, becauſe pluck'd from Flowers growing diſperſedly? To all who have read your *Comical Tales*, with the ſame purity of Mind, with which you wrote them, and are withal qualified to ſearch into the Mythology of all your imaginary *Dialogues*: to all ſuch, I ſay, it is evident, that you have drawn the Images of all the *Virtues*, on one hand, and their oppoſite *Vices*, on the other, ſo much to the life; that men, beholding them, muſt be, by grateful violence, compelled to love the Pulchritude of thoſe, and abhor the deformity of theſe. Now, this, *Madam*, you could not have done had you not firſt had the *Idea's* of all *Virtues* within your ſelf: it being abſolutely neceſſary for a Painter, firſt to conceive the form or ſimilitude of the thing he intends to reſent, in his own Imagination; and then to make the reſemblance according to that form. So that in ſtrictneſs of truth, thoſe Pictures we call *Originals*, are but Copies, yea Copies of Copies: as being firſt drawn from the life in the Phantaſy, and after pourtrai'd upon Tables. Beſides this, your Grace is further happy, in that the *Morals* of your *Pen* are  
clearly

clearly exemplified in those of your *Life*; in which I have never heard any thing blamed, any thing disputed, unless whether it hath been more *Innocent*, or more *Obliging*. In fine, the Documents of both your *Pen* and *Life* seem to be so good, that whoever is able to moderate his Passions, and regulate his Actions by them, needs not to seek further after *Happiness*: nor need I fear to pronounce him arrived at such perfection, that it will not be easy for him to be brought to do ill, either out of *Weakness*, or out of *Design*.

For your *POETRY*; therein your Grace hath more than a single advantage above others.

*First*, Your Vein appears equally facile, equally free, and copious upon all occasions, in all sorts of arguments. The Buskin and the Sock are equally fit for your Muses Legs. Your Phanſy is too generous to be restrained: Your Invention too nimble to be fettered. Hence it is, that you do not always confine your Sense to Verse; nor your Verses to Rhythme; nor your Rhythme to the quantity and sounds of Sillables. Your Descriptions, Expressions, Similies, Allegories, Metaphors, Epithets, Numbers, all flow in upon you of their own accord, and in full Tides: and Verses stand ready minted in the Treasury of your Brain, as Tears in some Womens Eyes, waiting to be called forth. So that in you is verified the Doctrine of *Plato*, in his *Dialogue* intitled *Io*; that *Poesy* is not a faculty proceeding from judgement, or acquired by labour and industry; but a certain divine Fury, or *Enthusiasm*, which scorning the controule of Reason, transports the Spirit in Raptures, as *Jove's* Eagle did *Ganymed*, or as Witches are said to be waſted above the Clouds on the wings of  
of



of their Familiars. Which is, perhaps, the ground of that old saying, *nemo fit Poeta*, no Poet is made, but born so: as the rage and liberty of a Poetic Genius gave occasion to paint *Pegasus* with Wings, in a flying posture, and without a Bridle.

*Secondly*, In your whole *Oglio* of Poenis, I find nothing which is not intirely *Your own*. Like good Housewives in the Countrey, you, make a Feast wholly of your own provisions: yea, even the Dressing, Sawces, and Garniture of the Dishes are *Your own*. And were *Perilius Faustinus* revived (he, who out of envy to the Glory of *Virgil*, made and published a large Catalogue of his Thefts from *Homer* and *Hesiod*) he could hardly discover so much as a single Verse borrowed, by you, from any Poet, antient or modern. So circumspect you are to avoid being thought a Plagiary, that you walk not in beaten Paths, but decline even the rules and methods of your Predecessors, and scorn Imitation, as a kind of Theft. A commendation, *Madam*, due to very few, perhaps to none besides your self. As your Grace, therefore, owes all your Poesy to the inspiration of your own happy Genius alone; so we owe all the Pleasure we are sensible of in reading your Poems, to you alone. I may have many rivals in these my thankful acknowledgements, you can have no Competitor in the Glory of their occasions.

This double Felicity is augmented by the accession of two others, no less worthy admiration. One is, that as you have made your self an *Original*, so are you likewise secure from being *Copied*. You have indeed, given the world an illustrious Example; but you have given what it cannot take, the Example being



being of that height, that it is hardly attainable. You provoke our Emulation, and at the same time cast us into despair. Your Poetical Fancies rather brave, than instruct our capacities: and by setting before our Eyes things inimitable, you vex our ambition, and oblige us to an unprofitable trouble.

*Another* is, that you exceed all of your delicate Sex, not only in this age, but in all ages past. It would puzzle the best Historian to find your Parallel among the most famous Women: and in the Monuments of the *Roman* greatness, even while that Glorious Nation held the Empire as well of Virtue and Wit, as that of the World, I cannot meet with an *Heroine*, to whom I dare to compare you. There are, I confess, who tell us of a Noble *Roman* Lady, one *Sulpitia*, who composed a History of *Domitian's* times, in Hexametre Verses, and wrote many Elegant Poems besides; and who hath been highly celebrated by *Martial*, *Tibullus*, *Sidonius Apollinaris*, and of late by *Scaliger* also, as an eminent Pattern both of a Chast and Immaculate Life, and of a neat Poetical Wit: and once I had some thoughts of drawing a Parallel betwixt that Lady and your Grace. But, upon a second examination of the particular Remarks, wherein I had fancied the resemblance chiefly to consist; and a more serious review of the Story of her Life, and the remains of her Pen, (extant among the *Fragments* of *Latine Poets*, and usually annexed to *Petronius Arbiter*) I perceived, I could not proceed in that resolution, without disadvantage on your part, by a conference so unequal; and thereupon resumed my former cogitation, that your Grace's Statue ought to be placed

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alone

alone, and at the upper end, in the *Gallery of Heroic Women*, and upon a Pedestal more advanced than the rest. We read not that Nature hath been so Prodigal of her choicest Largesses, as to produce two *Cicero's*, or two *Virgil's*, or two *Ben Johnson's*: why, then, should we seek after your Equal? It was their glory to be single: and it must be yours, to have no Peer, for ought we know, you are the *First* great Lady, that ever Wrote so much and so much of your own: and, for ought we can divine, you will also be the *Last*.

These, *Madam*, are a few of those swarms of thoughts that crowded into my unquiet Head, when I propos'd to my self to express some part at least of the great Honour and Reverence I owe your Grace: If I have so far obeyed the impulse of my Gratitude and Devotion, as to put them into Words, and offer them to your knowledge; it was not, I assure you, out of a vain conceit, that they were answerable either to your vast Merits, or to my Obligations; but meerly upon Confidence, you would descend to exercise your Goodness and Candor, in receiving them as a simple recognition of both. And if I have suppress'd the rest; it was out of good Manners, and a due fear of farther offending your Patience. I am not ignorant, *Madam*, that our Prayers to God, and our Addresses to Princes ought to be short. Resigning you, therefore, to the conversation of your own more ingenious and useful thoughts, and to the Tranquill Fruition of those intellectual pleasures, that continually spring up in you from the Virtues of your Life, and the Fame of your Writings; I most humbly beg your favourable Interpretation

pretation of what I have here weakly said, and with all Submission imaginable, cast my self at your Feet, as becomes

*From my House in  
Covent-Garden  
May 7. 1667.*

*Your Graces,*

*Just Honourer, and most*

*Intirely Devoted Servant,*

Walter Charleton.

MADAM,

I Had the Honour to hear so good Solutions given by your Excellency upon divers Questions moved in a whole Afternoon, you was pleased to bestow upon my unworthy Conversation, that I am turning to School with all speed, humbly beseeching your Excellence may be so bountiful towards my Ignorance, as to Instruct me about the Natural Reason of those Wonderful Glasses, which, as I told you, *Madam*, will fly into Powder, if one breaks but the least top of their tails : whereas without that way they are hardly to be broken by any weight or strength. The King of *France* is, as yet unresolved in the Question, notwithstanding he hath been curious to move it to an Assembly of the best Philosophers of *Paris*, the *Microcosme* of his Kingdom. Your Excellence hath no cause to apprehend the cracking blow of these little innoxious Gunns. If you did, *Madam*, a Servant may hold them close in his Fist, and your self can break the little end of their Tail without the least danger. But, as I was bold to tell your Excellence, I should be loath to be

believe any Female Fear should reign amongst so much over-masculine Wisdom, as the World doth admire in you. I pray God to bless your Excellence with a dayly increase of it, and your worthy self to grant, that among those Admirers, I may strive to deserve, by way of my humble Service, the Honour to be accounted,

M A D A M,

*Hague, March 12. 1657.*

*Your Excellencies most Humble*

*and most Obedient Servant*

Huygens de Zulichem.

*I have made bold to joyn unto these a couple of poor Epigrams I did meditate in my Journey hither, where your Excellencies Noble Tales were my best entertainment. I hope Madam, you will perceive the intention of them, through the Mist of a Language. I do but harp and guess at.*

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MOST EXCELLENT PRINCESS,

**T**He Obligations by which your Grace has eminently engaged your Servants in particular, and in General the whole world, or at least the Judicious and Civil part of it, are so many and great, that to enumerate them to this present Age may seem a large History, and to Generations to come a real Romance. The happiness was so great we received the last year, when we had, by your Graces Permission, the Honour to pay our Duties to your happy self, that the Contemplation of it by your Grace's absence, adds the more to our Infelicity. But we shall not wholly despair to be  
re-



restored to the same capacity of waiting on your Grace, which we are extreamly ambitious of: In the mean time presenting my Wifes most humble Service to your Grace, I take the confidence to subscribe my self,

M A D A M,

*Your Graces very great Honourer,*

April, 22. 1668.

*And most Devoted*

*Humble Servant,*

BERKLEY.

MY LORD,

**I**T is not Strange to me that your Grace is pleased to surprise me with such obliging civilities which are so essential to your Nature, and made customary by so many frequent Habits, that it were as difficult for your Grace not to do Acts like your great self, as it is for others (especially in this degenerating Age) to imitate yours. I return your Grace my most humble Thanks for the high Honor and Favour of your Books, received by my self, and Son, which are much to be valued by judicious Persons, for the worth contained therein, and rendred most Illustrious, for the great Authors sake, who will be much admired, not only by the present Age, but by all succession of Ages, as long as Loyalty, Sincerity, and high Acts of Honour are esteemed by Men, and have

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any attractive Power, My Lord, I most humbly  
beseech your Grace to believe me to be

Your Grace's high Honourer,

Berkeley-House at St. Johns,  
April 22. 1668.

And most Obedient Servant,

BERKELEY.

MY LORD,

**T**He Right your Grace has to be a Supream  
Patron of Poesy, is given you, from  
your Affection to the *Muses*, and the  
excellent merit of your own Compositions, which  
have so many ways beautified Poesy, and delighted  
our Theatres, as they have received from your Wit  
(if possible) equal Glory with your other Gallantries  
and Actions, which have so much honoured our  
Nation; for this Cause I must beg your Graces  
Pardon, that I presume, to present you with this in-  
considerable Poem of mine, of which (though I  
wanted not Inclination) I durst not adventure a di-  
rect Dedication to your Grace, with whom I had  
not the Honour of an Acquaintance sufficient to  
incourage such a boldness, as also some doubt, it  
might not deserve a Patronage from so excellent a  
Poet, which made me rather venture its publick  
Dedication to this Honourable Person of my Alli-  
ance, I have mentioned before my Book, though  
this my private Address to your Grace, must be my  
greater Ambition, since you are not only a most  
accomplished Judge, but an Author: yet I presume  
to say that your Grace may challenge some con-  
cernment

cernment in this Poem, as it treats of the past Glory of our Ancestors; in which the Antiquity, and Honour of your Blood, could not but have a high Renown: and as your Grace has scarce a Parallel, in all Acts of Generosity, and Nobleness, so your Incomparable Lady, doth no less excell in her Quality, and Sex, (the unequal'd Daughter of the *Muses*) besides all other her voluminous Productions, which compleat the Wonder of her Name, to whom I have presumed to present, likewise, with your Lordship, a Book of my Poem, as an expression to both your Graces, how much you are Honoured by,

My LORD

Your Graces

Very Humble Servant,

Edward Howard.

• May 3. 1669.

MADAM,

I Owe it to your *Graces* singular condescension, and goodness, that my Letters are not displeasing, and I see a great deal of Generosity, in your *Graces* acceptance, of such mean things, as my slender stock of Knowledge can impart. As for your Inquiry about the Plastick Faculties; I Answer, that they are those, whereby the Body is formed at first, and by which the Alimental Juices, are after, through the whole course of Life, orderly distributed for the purposes of growth and nutrition: But whether, as your *Grace* inquires, they are Faculties inherent, in the Soul, or are only Mechanical Motions

tions of the Body I cannot determine certainly. But I rather incline to the *Platonists*, who will have the Soul to be the Bodies Maker, and they affirm (as is ordinary; though with some diversity in the Names and Presentation) That there are three sorts of Faculties, which they Phancy as Analogous parts, or Regions in the Soul, (*Viz.*) The *Mind*, so they call the highest Faculties of abstract Reason, and Understanding, which is the *First*. The *Second* they call the *Soul*, (*Viz.*) as it is united to the Body, and exerciseth the operation of Sense. The *Third*, is the Image of the *Soul*, which is those Faculties, that are called Plastical, that move and turn the Body, but are devoid of Understanding, or Sense; Now how the *Soul*, which is Immaterial, can manage and order Corporeal Motions is a difficulty of which Philosophy as yet hath given no account, as I have particularly taken notice, and proved in my *Sceptis Scientifica*, but yet the thing ought not therefore to be denied, because the manner of the most obvious sensible things is to us unknown; And by this we can only prove, that we have yet no certain Theory of Nature: And, in good earnest, Madam, all that we can hope for, as yet, is but the History of things as they are, but to say how they are, to raise general *Axioms*, and to make *Hypotheses*, must, I think, be the happy priviledge of succeeding Ages; when they shall have gained a larger account of the *Phænomena*, which yet are too scant and defective to raise Theories upon: so that to be ingenious and confess freely, we have yet no such thing as Natural Philosophy; Natural History is all we can pretend to; and that too, as yet, is but in its Rudiments, the advance of it your

Grace



*Grace* knows is the design and buisiness of the *Royal Society*; from whom we may reasonably at last expect better grounds for general Doctrines, than any the World yet hath been acquainted with; but this, Madam, is an excursion. I therefore return to your *Graces* Letter, which inquires some things, about my Notion of the *Souls* Original: As to this I would not be understood to affirm peremptorily a thing, which the greatest part of Men, neither have, nor can receive, only I consider it as an *Hypothesis*, that may be taken up to satisfy those minds that are much troubled at the seeming inequalities of Providence; and whether true, or false, this I will take the boldness to be confident in, That the Doctrine of the *Souls Præexistence*, doth best suit with the appearances of the World. And best Answers for the Divine Justice and Goodness, in all the affairs of Providence; In this Madam, I am a little *Dogmatical*, and this step further, I think I may take, without immodesty; That the Doctrine hath so much to say for it self, from Reason, and the highest Antiquity, as to render it fit to be considered, and indeed, since the two other wayes, are confessedly desperate, methinks there should be no harm in examining this; which is all I pretend to. But particularly to your *Grace's Query*, Whether were *Souls* Created or Uncreated? I Answer, no doubt Created: But then I do not see how that follows, which your *Grace* is pleased to infer, *Viz.* That Sin was then Created, For our *Souls* in their State were Spotless and Innocent, as the Angels of God. That Mankind was so first, and fell by a voluntary Transgression, is the common Doctrine; and how we may suppose it was particularly in the way of *Præexistence*, your *Grace* will

see easily, when I shall have procured that Book of mine, I have mentioned, and promised your *Grace*, but cannot yet light on. The other part also of your *Graces* Division: *Viz.* That if those *Souls* were Eternal, they are Gods; is I humbly conceive a mistake likewise, since though the World, had been Created from Eternity (which even the Schools confess possible) it had nevertheless been a Creature, by reason of its dependence upon another, for its being, and to have been produced, and yet from Eternity, is no absurdity, our Faith affirms it, in the Eternal Generation of the Son, and Procession of the Holy-Ghost, and to take an instance with which we may make more bold: If the Sun had been from Eternity no doubt it would have shone Eternally, and yet it's Beams had been effects and dependent; And whereas your *Grace* saith again, That what is Immaterial is a God: I must here also take the boldness, to enter my Dissent to your Proposition; Indeed Mr. *Hobbs* denys all Immateriality to Created Beings, but I think upon grounds precarious and unsafe, That our *Souls* are Immaterial in their Natures, hath been sufficiently proved by some late Philosophers; particularly by the most learned Dr. *H. Moore*, and I also have done something about this, in my Book of *Præexistence*, If your *Grace* demands my Reasons; they shall be ready at the least intimation, of those commands which I shall ever account a singular Honour to observe. For the antiquity of *Præexistence*, which your *Grace* rightly observes, to be no certain Argument of the truth of it, I humbly say I have not alledged it, for a demonstration of the thing, but to take off the prejudice we are apt to have against all supposed Novelties,  
and

and to shew that it is not so despicable, an *Hypothesis* but that several great minds of former times, even in the Ages of the best Antiquity have owned a kindness for it, and consequently that we cannot, without some immodesty, deny it a favourable hearing. But madam, I forget my self, and the consideration I ought to have of your *Grace's* Time and Patience, and therefore only add, that I am,

*Illustrious Madam,*

*Bath, Octob. 13. 1667.*

*Your Graces*

*Most Obedient Servant,*

Jos. Glanvill

MY LORD,

**H**Ad I not been out of Town a great part of the last Summer, and almost all this Winter, I had written to your *Grace* long since. The Town might have furnish'd me with occasions of writing that had not been impertinent. For only to say that I am the humblest of your *Graces* Servants, and that no man has a greater Honour for you than I have, would be Impertinent, since all that know me, know it of me already, and I hope your *Grace* believes it. But (my Lord) the Printing of the *Humourists* has given me a new occasion of troubling you, and desiring your Favour to be an Advocate, for me, to my Lady Dutchess, to procure me her Pardon, and a favourable reception of that little Comœdy. My Lord, (as long as you are so great a *Mecenas*) it will be impossible

possible to defend your self from the Importunate  
 Addressees of Poets: And Poetry is in such a de-  
 clining condition, that it has need of such Noble  
 Supporters as are at *Welbeck*: Your *Grace* saw this  
*Comædy* (before the Sting was taken out) and was  
 pleased to approve it, which is to me more than  
 the Plaudit of a Theatre: As it is, it stands more  
 in need of Pardon, and Protection, which I hope  
 your *Grace*, and my Lady Dutchess will have the  
 Mercy to afford it. I have (in this Play) only  
 shown what I would do if I had the liberty to write  
 a general Satyr, which (though it should really re-  
 flect upon no particular persons, yet) I find the  
 Age is too faulty to endure it. If, for this reason,  
 I were not tyed to too great a strictness for a Poet,  
 I should not despair of presenting you with some-  
 thing much more worth your view than this mang-  
 led Play; but all that I can do can never make any  
 proportionable return to the favours, received from  
 you, by,

My L O R D,

Your Graces most Obligated

London, April 20. 1671.

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

Madam,



MADAM,

I Am to beg your *Graces* Pardon for my self, and this imperfect Piece, for which I have borrowed the Patronage of your Name; I am not ignorant of the disadvantage that Name might appear with (before such a Trifle as this Play) if it were not too well known, and had been too often prefixt to excellent Pieces of your own, to suffer any detraction now: This Dedication will only in some measure express the Honour that the Humblest of your Servants has for your *Grace*, and the Power you have to protect so defenceless a Poem. But (*Madam*) I confess it is too great a Presumption, for me, to hope that your *Grace* (that makes so good use of your time with your own Pen) can have so much to throw away as once to read this little offspring of mine: And (but that before I found not only Pardon for an Offence of this kind but encouragement) I should despair of having this forgiven. When none of all the Nobility of *England* gives encouragement to Wit, but my Lord Duke and your excellent self, you are pleased to receive favourably and encourage the very endeavours towards it: and under that notion this poor Play begs your Pardon and Reception. Though it met with opposition from the Malice of one party, yet several men of Wit were kind to it. But whatsoever opposition threatens that, or me, it can never prejudice either, if that be Protected by your *Grace*, and I be thought what I really am,

MADAM,

Your *Graces* most Humbly

Devoted Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

Ma-

London, April 20. 1671.

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M A D A M,

**B**Eing an Hundred and fifty Miles from *London*, at a place called *Chaddeſton*, near *Mancheſter*: I had an account, but the laſt Poſt, of the receipt of your *Graces* Noble preſent: otherwiſe you had received a more early Acknowledgment with my humble Thanks; which are all the return I can make for that, and many other Favours I have received from *Welbeck*: It had been Bounty enough (and as much as I could have expected) for your *Grace* to have Pardoned the preſumption of my Dedication, which intituled you to the Patronage of ſo ſleight a thing: but to reward my Crime, is beyond expreſſion Generous. Thus your *Grace*, like Heaven, rewards the intention without conſidering the imperfection of the Act. My Deſign was, in ſome meaſure, to teſtify my Gratitude, and the Honour I have for your *Grace*: but even this Acknowledgment has run me more in debt. Your *Grace* is thus reſolved to be before-hand with all your Servants. Let them be never ſo dilligent, your Benefits will out-go their Services; and they can never over-take your Bounty: I, for my part, am in deſpair of ever coming near it: But nothing ſhall ever hinder me from making uſe of all occaſions, I can lay hold on, to teſtify the great Honour I have for my Lord Duke, and your *Grace*, and that I am,

M A D A M,

Your *Graces* moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant

Tho. Shadwell.

Madam

May, 25. 1671.

MADAM,

**C**Onsidering that the Divine Gods accept of Offerings, though never so trivial, when that their poor and obliged Creatures offer them with true Devotion, encourages me here, by your Favours and Goodness, to believe alike of your Ladyship, and to hope your Pardon and acceptance of this Sacrifice of Thanks, which in all Humility I thus Dedicate for the Honour of your Book, of which I dare not say I am now unworthy, since I find where it comes, it has the Efficacy of Great Seals, and Patents, to meliorate both Persons and Places, and such Esteem and Reverence as they come welcomed with, I must always and much more account due to your Ladyships Orations, and to be Eternally paid by,

MADAM,

*Your Ladyships**Most Devoted, Humble,**and Obligated Servant,*

Bullingbrooke.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,

**T**Hough deprived so many years of your most Noble Presence, yet left your Grace so perfect an *Idea* in our Thoughts of your great Virtue, and those rare faculties of your Understanding, wherewith Nature hath adorned your

your *Grace*, so that we ever do admire the same, it being often our most pleasing delight to discourse thereof, besides the remembrance of your many great and undeserved Favours formerly received; and though we stand infinitely Obligated for the same unto your *Grace*, yet you are pleased to increase our Obligations, by Honouring us with the Noble Gift of five several Books together, of your *Graces* last Edition, which especially for what belongs to those Sublime matters of Natural Philosophy are only for the most Learned, and Judicious Understandings, and for us to admire, and keep them as a singular mark of your *Graces* great Benevolency toward us, and an Emblem of your high Perfections, after our Lives to be left as a Testimony of the same. In the mean time we humbly intreat your *Grace* to preserve us all in your good Opinion, and Honour me with a belief that I am as long as I live, to the utmost of my weak Ability,

*Your Graces,*

*Most Humble and most*

*Antwerp, Octob. 20. 1671.*

*Obedient Servant,*

*J. Duartes.*

*My Sisters with the tender of their most Obedient Service,  
Humbly kiss your Graces Hand.*

*Madam,*



MADAM,

**U**Nto the Rich and Incomparable Present of your Excellencies Works, wherewith you have been pleased to Honour the University, I have, by the special appointment of Mr. *Vice-Chancellor*, given a just reception; which word I confess we could not use without being guilty of great rudeness, but that we have placed them by that Illustrious Piece wherewith his Excellency your Renowned Lord had before Honoured us, which is it self Incomparable. Indeed *Madam*, the University finds her self oppressed herein with so many Obligations in one, that She knows not where to begin her Acknowledgments; as considering, that not only her Repositories are dignified to be the Cabinet of so rich a Jewel, but that She is singled out by your Excellency, and valued above the rest of the World for her Approbation, and (as your Excellency pleases to stile it) to be a Judge of it. Alas, *Madam*, that is an Office we dare not assume, not only without censure of Arrogance, but even of Impropriety; for seeing that every one is to be judged by their Peeres, who shall undertake to be Judge of that that hath no Peer? We may see other things by the Light, but to perceive the Light it self we cannot call for another Light; so neither may this gallant Work be Judged but by its own Innate Excellency, and the Splendor it self carrys in it. No, *Madam*, 'tis Honour enough for us that we are taught by it, we will not usurp upon it; and shall count it our Pride and not our Shame to be out-done by so Transcendent an Example. We acknowledge that we are become instructed in the Sciences which our

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selves

selves profess; *Philosophy, Oratory, Physick, Poetry*, we write them over our Doors, but we find them herein at a farr cheaper rate sent home to those Doors, and that by a hardiness of Invention which your Excellency first hath shewed unto the World, and that an easy one too, by sending us to that common and neglected Mistress, even Nature herself, to whose Benignity if we would confide (as your Excellency hath done) we should make far greater Progresses in the ways of Knowledge and Wisdom (as likewise your Excellency hath done) than through all the tedious Disciplines wherewith we are detained and vexed in our rugged Nurseries. Two things do justly leave us, *Madam*, under a surprize and admiration of your Excellencies great Production; First, that it should proceed from a Person of so high Honour and Fortune; for Ignorance in such things as those is appointed by the World unto such Estates, and thought a kind of Prerogative belonging unto Wealth: And next, that it should proceed from a Sex unaccustomed to, and commonly excused from such painful and elevated Inquisitions. For (as your Excellency hath observed) men do assign to your Sex nothing but vanities, and Trifles for their Portion, and under colour of Courtship do confine them in their Education only to some inferiour Qualities, and so ineffect but to a kind of delicate Barbarism: But herein your Excellency hath shew'd great Courage in breaking through that Obstruction, and by a Female and unusual Chevalry have rescued your whole Nation and Sex from the oppression and injury in this point, and of that great Giant, the World. For our part of your University, we must needs subscribe

scribe to your Excellencies judgment herein, for 'tis the *Muses* were esteemed our best Genius's and Sciences did choose unto themselves for their Deities not Patrons but Patroneſſes : and our Corporation of Learning, though it conſiſt all of Men, yet when we would expreſs it in the Abſtract and in Picture we repreſent it by a Woman. And in fine, my ſelf, *Madam*, (who am allowed the Honour to be the Cuſtos of your immortal Donary) muſt be obliged to borrow from a Womans Eloquence exemplified in the Work it ſelf, whereby to expreſs worthily the Reſentments due unto it by thoſe that have employed me, and particularly mine own, who am,

M A D A M,

Your Excellencies moſt Humble

and Devoted Servant,

Thomas Lockey,

Keeper of the Publick Library.

May 20. 1663.

M A D A M,

**E** Ver ſince I had the happineſs to ſee any of your Graces moſt ingenious Writings, I have felt a mighty Deſire to ſpeak my particular gratitude for thoſe ſingular Compoſures to all which the World is obliged; And had attempted ſomething towards it more than three years ſince, but that my acknowledgments miſcarried in the way. I am, *Madam*, an Admirer of Rarities, and your Grace is really ſo great an one, that I cannot but endeavour

deavour some Testimony of a proportion'd respect and wonder, though perhaps there may be *Indecorum* in the boldness of such unknown Addresses. I am sensible it can<sup>d</sup> contribute nothing to your Graces great stock of Fame to be acknowledged by inconsiderable Persons; But yet we must be just, and 'tis Religion to celebrate the Virtuous. And I know your Grace is too generous to condemn the offerings of the meanest Devoto's, upon the encouragement of which Belief I am bold to beg Favour and acceptance for a Trifle of mine that was designed for your Grace, as soon as it saw the Light, but could not find it's way into the *North*. I should not have the confidence to present so mean a thing to so deep and Sagacious a Judgement, had I not an opinion of your Graces Candor and Goodness, equal to my apprehension of your other Celebrated Perfections; and these are so Illustrious and so great, that our Sex would envy, did they not admire, and your own too, *Madam*, were they not universally concerned in the Honour. For your Grace hath convinced the World, by a great instance, that Women may be Philosophers, and, to a Degree fit for the Ambitious emulation of the most improved Masculine Spirits.

But, *Madam*, 'tis time to beg your Graces Pardon for the rudeness of this bold intrusion; and I know, that grandure and generosity of Mind that occasion'd the fault, will forgive it to

*Bath*, April 22.

Illustrions *Madam*,

The Humblest of your Graces

Admirers, and Servants,

Jos. Glanvill.

Ma-



MADAM,

**T**He greatest Favour I could have expected in Answer to my boldness, was but a pardon for the confidence of that intrusion; But that your Grace should so generously accept my Trifles, and make me so Glorious a return as I received in your most ingenious Letters, this, *Madam*, was an Honour as much beyond my expectation; as desert; and exceeds all my possibilities of acknowledgment. But if ever any thing happen within the reach of my indeavours, by which I may serve or gratify your Grace, I shall then give evidence of the great resentment I have of this condescension, and the Veneration which is due to a Person of so obliging and so unusual a Virtue. Your Grace, I know, is Nobly inquisitive, and hath a rich stock of generous Apprehensions; and Persons of this Character use to be pleased in the perusal of the variety of others Conceptions; And on this account I presume, that those notions I sometimes entertain my self with, may not be unacceptable, being not altogether of the road and common track. And if your Grace please to permit, and pardon my Importunities, I shall take occasion to give you my sense of some things that are not of the meanest concerns. For the present I am obliged to answer the particulars of your Grace's Letter, in which your Grace hath very much obliged me by those arguments you are pleased to excuse; and to them I make this humble return.

1. That whereas your Grace calls the Inducements to the belief of Witches, *probable Arguments*, I am apt, with submission, to think some of them to

be as great demonstrations as matter of Fact can bear; being no less than the evidence of the Senses, and Oaths of sober Attestors, and the critical inquiries of Sagacious, and suspicious Persons; which Circumstances of Evidence, your grace knows, some of those Relations have to prove them. And there is a particular Story which is sufficiently famous, and of part of which I myself was a Witness, which I think is not subject to just Exception. 'Tis that of the Drum in the House of Mr. *Mompesson* of *Tedworth* in *Wiltshire*. Of this, *Madam*, I shall take an occasion to give your Grace a particular account, if you have not yet been acquainted with the circumstances of that unusual disturbance. But to confine my self now to your Grace's considerations on the subject; The second thing I observe, is,

The intimation of an Argument against the Existence of Witches, because *they are not mentioned by Christ, and his Apostles*, concerning which I humbly desire your Grace to consider.

1. That Negative Arguments from Scripture use not often to be of any great signification or validity. Our Saviour spake as he had occasion, and the thousandth part of what he said, or what he did, is not recorded, as one Evangelist intimates. He said nothing of those large unknown Tracts of *America*, gives no intimations of the Existence of that numerous People, much less any instructions about their Conversion. He gives no particular account of the affairs and state of the other World, but only that general one, of the happiness of some, and the misery of others. He makes no discovery of the *Magnalia* of Art, or Nature, nor not of those whereby the propagation of the Gospel might have been much

much advanced; viz. The Mystery of *Printing*, and the *Magnet*. And yet no one useth his Silence in these Instances as an Argument against the being of things, which are the evident Objects of Sense. I confess the omission of some of these particulars is pretty strange and unaccountable, and an argument of our Ignorance of the Reasons and Menages of Providence, but I suppose of nothing else; or if it were, I crave leave to add,

2. That the Gospel is not without intimations of Sorcery, and contracts with evil Spirits. The malicious *Jews* said our Saviour did his Miracles by their assistance, *He casts out Devils by Beelzebub*. And he denys not the supposition or possibility of the thing in general, but clears himself by an appeal to the Actions of their own Children, whom they would not so severely criminate. And besides this,

3. The Apostles had intimations plain enough of the being of Sorcery and Witchcraft, as seems to me evident from *Gal. 3. 1. Gal. 5. 20. Rev. 9. 21. Rev. 21. 8. Rev. 22. 15.*

'Tis very true as your Grace suggests, that Superstition and Ignorance of Causes make Men many times to impute the Effects of Art, and Nature, to Witchcraft and Diabolick Contract. And the Common People think God, or the Devil to be in every thing extraordinary. But yet, *Madam*, your Grace may please to consider, That there are things done by mean and despicable persons, transcending all the Arts of the most knowing and improv'd *Virtuosi*, and above all the Essays of known and ordinary Nature. So that we either must suppose that a sottish silly old Woman hath more knowledge of  
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the intrigues of Art, and Nature, than the most exercised Artists, and Philosophers, or confess that those strange things they performe, are done by confederacy with evil Spirits, who, no doubt, act those things by the ways and applications of Nature, though such as are to us unknown. This, *Madam*, is, I conceive, as much as is necessary to be said to the Argumentative part of your Graces excellent Letter.

As for the following Periods, I am mostly of the same Opinion with your Grace, in the way that I understand them. Nature is in a continual motion (for there is no such thing as Rest in the World) and perhaps that is not purely Mechanical, but may, in great part (at least as to the beginnings and directions of it) be ascribed to the Soul of the World, which possibly is the great *Archeus* that formes Plants, Animals, and other more curious *Phænomena*. And there is no doubt but (as your Grace suggests) that much wickedness is caused by the meer impulse of Lower Nature; and I believe several Men are determined to Actions of Vice by the odness of their particular make and contexture. But whereas your Grace saith that nothing but God himself can be perfect, I cannot so well understand that. *Absolutely so, and in all kinds*, 'tis true, I grant it, but your Grace doth not seem to intend the proposition in that sense. And to be Perfect in a lower kind is but to have all the parts and faculties that are requisite to such a being, in that order, disposition, and all other circumstances which are suitable to its *Idea*, and proper for its respective ends. And in this sense I think all things are perfect in their first constitution; according to what your Grace saith afterwards



terwards, That [ God cannot create any Imperfection, being absolute Perfection himself ] which appositely fits mine, but I can not see how it so well consists with your Graces former assertion, except it be intended to infer, *That God made nothing*; a Proposition which methinks your Grace should not own; but some things that follow seem to look that way, when you are pleased to say [ Neither can I conceive how God could actually make or act any thing, either in a Mechanical manner, or a Free, being not locally moving ] To which I humbly say that if your Grace doubts the possibility of the Creation out of nothing, I think I can speak some things as a Philosopher, that may render it reasonable. Nor is actual motion in the Deity necessary to his actions, since he is Immense and needs not local motion to render him present by his Essence, or his Virtue, to any place of the great Universe, being Eternally there by the Infinity of his being, and his Power. And whereas your Grace is pleased to say, that God is no Mechanick, I consent that He is not so properly, in that he needs not material Instruments to act by. But yet he hath made all things by a kind of Geometry; in Number, Weight, and Measure, saith the *Holy Oracle*. And there is a sort of Mathematicks in all the Works of Nature.

Thus, *Madam*, I have made bold with your Graces Patience, in confidence of your Candor, and your goodness, which I implore, for the Pardon of this Voluminous Trouble. And in order to it, I have this to say, that I could not well have said less without having been wanting in some of your Graces Periods; and there is something else, in which

I despair of being ever able to say enough, and that is, to express how much I am,

*Illustrious Madam,*

*Your Graces Humble Admirer,*

*Bath, July 8.*

*and Devoted Servant,*

*Jos. Glanvill.*

*To the Right Honourable, the Lady MARGARET,  
Marchioness, of New-Castle.*

EXCELLENT MADAM,

**I** Well know that the Generous never propose to themselves any other End of their Favours, besides Content, which necessarily results from the pursuance of their own Noble Inclinations, but only the Benefit of the Persons, upon whom they choose to confer them: and that therefore they usually select such Subjects, whereon to exercise their Beneficence, that seem more likely to husband it, by a silent Devotion, and modest Acknowledgment, than to abuse it, by attempting a Retribution. And this, *Madam*, both teacheth and assureth me; that though the Favour you were pleased to do me, in sending me one of your admirable Books, newly published, under the Elegant and most accommodate Title of *The WORLDS OLIO*; be so eminent an one, as to require from me a more significant Expression of my Gratitude, than either my Wit, or Fortune, or Interest can ever be able to make: yet none can be more acceptable to you,  
than

than this, *That I intend ever to continue your Debtor*. So much, therefore, I here solemnly profess; and most faithfully promise you, that I never will, so much as in a wish for a Capacity of Retaliation, prophane the Freedom of the Obligation your goodness moved you to lay upon me.

But, not to state the Particulars of my Debt, at least in brief; might give you just cause to suspect, that I understand not the Value of what I have received. And, therefore, I humbly ask your leave, that I may acknowledge to you, that you have highly benefited me, in my *Reputation*, in my *Understanding*, in my *Affections*.

*First*, I say you have benefited me in my *Reputation*; in that you have declared me capable of so singular an Honour, as to be in the number of those Persons, whom you thought worthy to receive so rich a Present, from so Noble a Hand. For me to have sat among the Multitude, whom your Stationer invites to feast upon your *OLIO*, had been proportionable enough to the degree of so ordinary a Judgement, as mine: but to be among those few, whom your self had nominated for your Chief Guests, was a Grace infinitely above my Ambition.

*Secondly*, You have benefited my *Understanding*; in that your *Philosophical Phancies* have furnished me with variety of such Novel Concepts, concerning sundry the most difficult Problems in Nature; as that if my Memory be but faithful enough to retain them, I shall never be unprovided of somewhat that is poynant and grateful, to entertain Curiosity withall: and whenever my own Reason is at a loss, how to investigate the Causes of some Natural Se-

cret or other, I shall relieve the Company with some one pleasant and unheard of Conjecture of yours. So that by reading of your *Philosophy*, I have acquired thus much of advantage; that where I cannot Satisfy, I shall be sure to Delight: which is somewhat more than I dare promise from any other Discourses of the same Title; in so much as they generally leave the Mind in a kind of Anxiety and Regret, when ever they fail to afford it Satisfaction. And, certainly, if it be (as some hold) reasonable to allow, that the Fictions of Poets, and Romanists do usually take as strong hold of mens Minds, and Charm their Affections as powerfully, as the most Authentique Narrations of Historians; though the Reader well understands the Passages related by these, to be certain Truths, and the adventures described by Those, to be meerly Imaginary; and this, because Delight is equal on both sides: if this, I say, be justifiable, that man can run but little hazard of his Judgement, who shall affirm, that your Supposition of Fayeries in the Brain, and of our Thoughts being their Consults and Suggestions; and your opinion that the Fayeries digging for Stones in the Quarries of the Teeth, to repair their decay'd Tenements in the Head, is the Cause of the Tooth-ach; are as worthy the hearing, as the most solid demonstrative Theory of any Philosopher whatever; insomuch as these may yield both as high and lasting a Delight as that. I say Delight as High and Lasting; for, to speak my Thoughts clearly, the Pleasure that ariseth from the comprehension of the most perfect and laborious Demonstration in *Geometry*, I never could find, either in height or duration, much to exceed that, which I have sometime been affected withall,



at the recital of a Facetious Poetical Extravagancy; of which I had not afore heard. Nor do I believe, that the Raptures, and Exultations of *Don Quixot* were much inferior to that famous one of *Archimed*, which transported him out of himself, as well as out of the Bath, into a loud Exclamation, *I have found it, I have found it*. And the Reason of this Equality may be well enough thought, to consist chiefly in the unsatisfiedness of our Nature, which always hurrying our Minds on to Novelties, causeth us to put an equally cheap rate upon all things we think already in the possession of our Understanding; and to value acquiescence of a fresh, though perhaps useless, and absurd Opinion, above the calm fruition of ancient and irregular Maxims. But, this (*Madam*) being a Paradox, ought to have more room, than can be spread in a Letter, whose design'd Argument is Thankfulness: and besides, should I adventure further, to avouch it, the same could not but much redound to my disadvantage; inasmuch as it might render me suspected for something of a Scholar, and consequently incapable of the Honour and Pleasure of sometimes attending you, and hearing your more than ingenious Discourses. For as I remember, in one of your Prefaces, or Epistles to your Readers, you have been pleased expressly to declare; *That you never Conversed, so much as one Hour, with any Philosopher, or Professed Scholar, in your whole Life*: and that, doubtless, must have proceeded from your constant Aversion to such blunt Company; not from your want of opportunities to hear what they could say. Because, being always Educated among the Noblest, and most Knowing Persons of our Nation; you could hardly escape the Conver-

sation of the most Learned in all the Arts and Sciences; unless you purposely withdrew your self from their Society, or shut your Ears against their Discourses.

But, *Madam*, among those, who have perused your Writings, I meet with a sort of Infidels, who refuse to believe, that you have alwayes preserved your self so free from the Contagion of Books, and Book-men. And the Reason they give me, is this; that you frequently use many Terms of the Schools, and sometimes seem to have Imp'd the Wings of your high-flying Phansy with sundry Feathers taken out of the Universities, or Nests of Divines, Philosophers, Physicians, Geometricians, Astronomers, and the rest of the Gowned Tribe. For instance, of Divines, when you speak of *Prædestination*, *Free will*, *Transubstantiation*, &c. Of Philosophers, when you mention *Quantity*, *Discrete* and *Continued*, the *Universal* and *First Matter*, *Atoms*, *Elements*, *Motion*, *Dilatation*, and *Contraction*, *Rarefaction*, and *Condensation*, *Meteors*, &c. Of Physicians, when you distinguish of *Choler*, *Phlegme*, *Melancholy*, and *Blood*, and speak of the *Circulation of the Blood*, of *Ventricles* in the *Heart* and *Brain*, of *Veins*, *Arteries*, and *Nerves*, and expatiate upon *Fevers*, *Apoplexies*, *Convulsions*, *Droqsies*, and divers other Diseases, with their particular Causes, Symptoms, and Cures: Of Geometricians, when you touch upon *Triangles*, *Squares*, *Circles*, *Diameters*, *Circumferences*, *Centres*, *Lines*, streight and crooked, and their proportions each to other, and that invincible Problem, the *Quadrature of the Circle*: Of Astronomers, when you speak of the *Horizon*, *Midian*, *Æquator*, *Zodiack*, *Ecliptick*, *Tropicks*, *Poles of the World*, and of the *Ecliptick*, and in a manner

run over the whole Doctrine of the Sphere, representing the model of the Universe, and cast some transitory glances also upon the Doctrine Theoretical concerning the Motions of the Orbs, and Planets. Nor can I, indeed, hope to dissolve the stiffness of these mens unbelief; untill I shall be better able to convince them, that all these Scholastical Terms and Notions may be brought into the World with us, and afterwards drawn forth of the Soul, by solitary Meditation, and the labour of ones own Thoughts; and are not rather instilled into it, and imprest upon it, by often Hearing, or Reading the Discourses of others, who profess those Arts and Sciences to which they belong, and for the more plain and methodical teaching whereof, they were first Invented and Recorded. But I fear me, while I insist thus particularly upon the Reason alleadged by these men, in defence of their Diffidence; I may fall into the same danger, for the avoidance of which, I even now left my Paradox destitute of Assertion: and therefore I lay by that subject, and take up another more opportune and considerable, as to the discharge of my Duty, and confessing how many wayes you have obliged me.

I acknowledge, therefore, in the last place; that my *Affections* must own you for their Benefactress. For those many Moral Apothegms, and Satyrical Remarques upon the Manners of Men and Women, which you have frequently interspersed upon the Leaves of your Book, are so pathetically delivered, and with such vigour of proper and familiar Language press'd home to the Bosome of every man; as that that person must be irrecoverably lost in the darkness of Vice, who doth not, through thhm, clearly discern



discern the Lustre and Amiableness of Virtue, and thereupon instantly abominate his former Deformities, and become your perfect Profelite. When a Young, Noble, Beautiful, Witty, and Sprightly Lady, one on whom all the Pleasures of the World seem to be Enamoured, and in throngs offer themselves to be accepted and commanded by her; when such an one, I say is heard to Preach up *Temperance*, *Abstinence*, *Modesty*, *Chastity*, *Solitude*, and the suppression of all irregular sensual Appetites. What *Sardanapalus* is there, who must not blush at the memory of his Vicious Acts, and being convinced, that the delights of a Soul, well ordered according to the rules of Virtue and Honour, are infinitely more charming and desirable, than the most magnified Pleasures of the Body, swimming in an Ocean of Luxury, and Laciviousness; firmly resolve with himself, thenceforth to seek for Felicity, not in the short Titillations and Blandishments of the Senses, but in the Purity and constant Serenity of the Mind. Is it possible, that any of our Ladies, should retain her pretences of *Platonick Love*, or continue the practice of her petty Arts of Daubing and Painting, of Dissembling, Medisance, and Detraction: after she hath once read your smart Invectives against them, and solid Arguments to shew, that they may all be justly suspected for Bawds to procure and conceal the fruition of that Pleasure, which doth not consist in the admiring conversation of Souls, but in the close Conjunction of Bodies, and the satisfaction of that rank Appetite of the Flesh, commonly called Lust? In a word; what Sex, Age, Constitution, Condition is there, whose most secret Ulcers, the sharpness of your Wit and Pen hath not launced

open



open to the bottom; and afterward prescribed most easy and certain Remedies for the Cure of them? So that I may well conclude this Paragraph with saying that your Moral Essayes contain wise Precepts enough in them, for the Reformation of the Age we live in, and that, certainly, is so bad that no Man need ever fear a worse.

And, now, Incomparable *Madam*, having done my Homage to you, in token of what I hold by the tenure of your Wit and Bounty, it remains, that I humbly beg your Pardon for the rude and tedious manner of it. And that, I hope, you will grant me, when you have considered, that the Devotion may be sincere, where the Ceremonies are imperfect; and I have assured you, that I will never omit to pay you those Dues of Thanks, and constant Observance, that belong to you, from me, as one whom your Goodness hath made,

*Your Eternal Honourer,*

*London, January 1. 1654.*

*and Faithful Servant,*

W. Charleton.

*To the most Illustrious, and most Excellent Princess;  
Margaret Dutchess of New-Castle.*

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,

Seeing your *Graces* singular Genius, hath long since been experienced, and fully discovered to us; for such as is both accomplish'd with all various Learning, and furnished with a Native Curtesie; that for its high abilities, it is able; and for

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its eminent Candor, it usually obtains infinitely upon the favourers of Learning: We obliged on both these accounts, were unwilling to incur so great a Crime, as not chearfully to Consecrate to your *Grace*, these our Acknowledgments, as Arguments of our Eternal Observance. Your *Graces* goodness having this, peculiar and above others, that 'tis neither forced by Solicitations of Friends, nor Importunities of Petitions, but voluntary and of its own accord flowes out, and delivers it self. Truly every more than ordinary Spirit is powerfully drawn out to what is like it self, invites, embraceth, and preserves, whatever bears the name of any kind of Excellency, as allyed to it. But how truly Magnificent is this of your *Grace*, that the Arts themselves, by your *Graces* Example, are render'd more August and Venerable? How shall future Ages stoop under the weight of your *Graces* Fame, that your *Grace* in that Nobility of Extract, and confluence of Fortune, should yet outvie in the Methods of Learning, even those, whose necessities must prompt them to diligence? Wherein your *Grace* hath made so happy a progress, that never any can more appear, a Devotist to, or Proficient in Learning: so that your *Graces* teeming Brain is ever bringing forth some new Miracle: and though a Woman, yet hath merited the Diadem of Learning before Men; though a Courtier, yet before the Academicks: In a word, wherein any one, is in any thing Excellent, yet is your *Grace* in that thing far more excellent. Nor can we believe, that any mortal Man, no not your *Grace* our Princess (with your *Graces* Pardon) can from Natures instinct, or humane strength be excited and raised to so manifold

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and profound Speculations. It must necessary, be that that most capacious Soul of your *Grace*, expatiating it self so far into all sorts of Learning, is Divinely inspired; that almost Infinite Comprehension of so many and so great Notions informes us, how great a measure of the Heavenly Spirit hath posselt your *Grace*; and that no single Deity hath enlarged this one Soul unto the Immense Tracts of all the Sciences. With these happy Omens hath your *Grace* reached unto, whatever in the Arts seemed good unto your *Grace* when some Diviner *Genius* of your *Grace* our Princess, judged the Notion of any clear Truth, would be beneficial. And whereas it was your *Graces* Work, not to give Reasons, but Magisterially to Prononce, as from an Oracle; (yet such is your *Graces* condescension) that all your *Graces* Tenets are asserted and confirmed with most Cogent Arguments: as if we did not owe a Belief, and had not a certain Devotion obliging our Assent to your *Graces* bare Assertion. Henceforth therefore do we Destine our spare hours unto these kinds of Studies, and are reaching unto the perfection of Philosophy, seeing your *Grace* hath judged these Speculations such as are worthy your *Graces* Intentions, and nearer *Approximations*: for such an happy clearness of Wit shall render every theng discoverable and fully to be comprehended, and that most free inclination of your *Graces* Candor will communicate every thing discovered to your *Graces* *Cantabrigians*. Yet lest we should give our selves up to unworthy Ease, and Consecrate our selves to Sloth, your *Grace* hath left us one very difficult Task, namely Thankfulness. Forasmuch then, through your *Graces* Labours, *Minerva's*  
Pupils

Pupils have now obtained that Divine thing, which they may, without error, pursue, to wit a calm repose in all our Studies; we therefore judge that a more Honourable Monument was never at any time erected, to any of the ancient Kings or Emperours, than what we here humbly dedicate to your *Graces* worthy name and memory.

*To Margaret the First:*

*Princess of Philosophers:*

*Who hath dispelled Errors:*

*Appeased the differences of Opinions:*

*And restored Peace,*

*To Learnings Commonwealth.*

*From the Colledge of the Sacred  
and Individual Trinity.  
Octob. 5. 1668.*





# P O E M S, &c.

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*To the most Illustrious and most Excellent Princess;  
The Marchioness of NEW-CASTLE.  
After the reading of her Incomparable P O E M S.*

M A D A M,



With so much Wonder we are strook  
When we begin to read your match-  
les Book; (stays  
A while your own excess of Merit  
Our forward Pens, and do's suspend  
your Praise;

Till time our minds do's gently recompose,  
Allayes this Wonder, and our Duty show's;  
Instructs us how your Virtues to Proclaim,  
And what we ought to pay to your great Fame;  
Your Fame which in your Countrey has no Bounds!  
But wheresoever Learning's known, it sounds.

Those Graces Nature did till now divide,  
Your Sexes Glory, and our Sexes Pride,  
Are joyn'd in you, and all to you submit,  
The brightest Beauty, and the sharpest Wit;

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No Faction here, or fiercer Envy swayes,  
 They give you Mirtle, while we offer Bayes;  
 What Mortal dares dispute those Wreath's with  
 you?

Arm'd thus with Lightning and with Thunder too.

This made the great *New-Castle's* Heart your  
 prize;

Your Charming Soul, and your Victorious Eyes,  
 Had only pow'r his Martial mind to tame,  
 And raise in his Heroick Breast a Flame;

A Flame, which with his Courage still aspires,  
 As if Immortal Fuel fed those Fires:

This mighty *Chief*, and your great self made *One*;

Together the same Race of Glory run;

Together on the Wings of Fame you move;

Like yours his Virtue, and like his your Love.

While we, your Praise endeavouring to rehearse,

Pay that great Duty, in our humble Verse,

Such as may justly move your anger; you

Like Heaven forgive them, and accept them too:

But what we cannot, your brave *Hero* payes,

He builds those Monuments we strive to raise;

Such, as to after Ages shall make known,

While he Records your deathless Fame, his own;

So when an Artist some rare Beauty draws,

Both in our Wonder share, and our Applause;

His Skill, from time, secures the Glorious Dame,

And makes himself Immortal in her Fame.

*George Etherege.*

To her Excellency the Lady Marchioness of New-  
Castle, on Her Incomparable Works:

MADAM,

**W**hen with stol'n Metaphors we would  
display  
Those Glorious Lights which rule  
our Night and Day,

We call them *Lamps* and *Spangles*, and suborn  
Our Wits t'obscure, what we cannot adorn:  
But when some fading Beauty haunts our Eyes  
Tempting to Praise, what Greatest Souls Despise,  
We can advance the Phrase all smoothly runs,  
Her Cheeks are *Roses*, and her Eyes are *Suns*.

Great Virtues only by themselves are prais'd;

What's highest higher by no Art is rais'd:

'Tis proper only to our Imperfections

To need, or to admit, our Wit's Protections.

Were your Pen's Noble Issue such small things,  
As the fine Poet to his Mistress sings:

Or else such pretty Babies as are sent

Out from the lab'ring Press, to Complement

Our Childish Age; which nothing so wel pleases

As *Lispings*, *Weakness*, and *Wit's Diseases*:

Then I, perhaps amongst the rest might waite

Some Paper, to be your *Encomiast*;

And, in the present mode; pick *Crums* and *Scraps*

From *Sirs* that wear their *Phancies* in their *Caps*,

And Cook a *Mess* of *Bumbast* to delude

And glut at once the gaping multitude.

But 'tis your Wit's prerogative to be  
As far above all Praise as Flattery:

And

And since you have said All, we boldly may  
Excuse our selves, you've left us nought to say.  
In ev'ry Line you give us we descry

Your *Panegyrick*, our *Apology*:

Where all's so well like you, that to conceive  
Ought but our wonder may admittance have,  
Is to suppose, you either cannot see

\*Our meanness, or will veil your Majesty.

Then he betrays your Name whoe're essayes  
To load it with vain Epithets of Praise:

Who seems to understand all you have writ,

T'advance his own, doth much abase your Wit.

Madam we're in a maze: such Glories can

Not be beheld by what is only Man.

When you are pleas'd to work new Miracles

We'll see and read what's yours and nothing else:

When you give Eyes as well as Light, when you

With Language will on us new Tongues bestow,

When you can make us write just as you do;

We'll learn to praise your Works: But sure it is  
Impossible; you can do all but this.

'Tis equally absurd for us to guess

We e're should do so much or you ought less.

Thanks for our Freedom from the learned Thrall

Of thrice three Mistresses; you're One and All:

Those antique wits which erst would not be seen,

But in a mist of obscure Tongues which Screen

More Follies far than Phantasies, are become

Like their own Pump'd-out Oracles all dumb;

Great *Aristotle* and his greater \* Master

\* *Plato*

VVith their long rabble have the same disaster.

These Paper-Armies Bodly's Goal contains

Your Captives are, fretting in Iron Chains.

One



One Lady's pregnant Brain has slain whole hosts  
 Of Rabbys, and quite laid their Paper ghosts,  
 VVhich haunted all our Studies, and perplex'd  
 Our wearied thoughts with a Moth-eaten Text.  
 VVho would not give a life that he might live  
 In the next Age, to see the Learned strive  
 VVhose Margin should strut biggest with your  
 Name

VVho raise up highest Pyramids of Fame  
 Over your peaceful Ashes; may it be  
 Such *Phœnixes* can know mortality.

VVas it her modesty (for she's a VVoman)  
 Made Nature Coy, and shew her self to no man?  
 She walk'd in Vizors till she met with you.  
 VVhat wonder if she did retir'dness vow  
 And to our Ruffian Sex shewd Nun that late  
 Unveil'd to your Sex; and but one of that?

You need not fear to die, she needs must live  
 Her self, whose Noble Office 'tis to give  
 Life to our late Posterity: each line  
 Of yours must be their Oracle, your Shrine.  
 Your Images the work of your own Pen  
 Shall frustrate all the curteous Cheats of men,  
 Pronouncing all your true adorers blest  
 VVithout the help of Conjuror or Priest.

Be merciful to Captives (*Madam*) and  
 Kill not all those that bend at your Command.  
 Your softest Sex your Noble Order shall  
 Vote all such cruelty Apocryphal.  
 You have subdu'd the VVorld of Learning, spare  
 At least so much alive as may declare  
 VVho was the Conqueror, that all may know  
 VVhat's survives is owing all to you.

S f

You

You have out-done what's mortal ; Imitate  
 Those Pow'rs above which to maintain their state  
 Let some poor vassals live, and worship'd are  
 Not by whom they destroy, but whom they spare.  
 Then sheathe your Conqu'ring Pen since nothing  
     now  
 Remains unvanquish'd but your *Works* and you.

---

*On her Grace the Dutches of New-Castles Closet.*

**W**Hat place is this ? looks like some Sacred  
     Cell  
 Where holy Hermits anciently did dwell,  
 And never ceas'd Importunating Heav'n  
 Till some great Blessing unto Earth was giv'n ;  
 Is this a Ladys Closet ? 't cannot be,  
 For nothing here of vanity you see ;  
 Nothing of Curiosity nor Pride,  
 As all your Ladies Closets have beside ;  
 No mirrour here in all the Room you find ;  
 Unless it be the mirrour of the Mind,  
 Nor Pencil here is found, nor Paint agen  
 But only of her Ink and of her Pen.  
 Which renders her an Hundred times more fair  
 Than they with all their Paints and Pensils are :  
 Here she is Rapt, here falls in Extasy  
 VVith studying high and deep *Philosophy* :  
 Here these clear Lights descend into her Mind  
 VVhich, by Reflection, in her Books you find,  
 And those high Notions and *Idea's* too,  
 VVhich, but herself, no VVoman ever knew,  
     VVhence

Whence she's their chiefeſt Ornament and Grace,  
 And Glory of our times: Hail Sacred Place!  
 To which the World in after times ſhall come,  
 As unto *Homer's Shrine*, or *Virgil's Tomb*,  
 Hon'ring the Walls in which ſhe made abode,  
 The Air ſhe breath'd and Ground whereon ſhe trod,  
 Counting him happy, who but ſees the Place  
 And happier who leaſt Relick of her has;  
 For whoſe Sole Inkhorn they as much would bid  
 As once for *Epidetus's* they did.

Thus Fame ſhall Celebrate, and thus agen  
 The Arts ſhall honour her, who honour'd them,  
 Whiſt others who in other things did truſt  
 Shall, after Death, lye in forgotten Duſt.

*To the Illuſtrious Princeſs, Margaret, Dutcheſs of  
 New-Caſtle, on Her Incomparable Works:*

**V**ertue, and Wit's great Magazine,  
 Accept an Offering to your Shrine,  
 Whoſe wondrous Raptures needs muſt raiſe  
 All Souls to Poetry or Praise:  
 With ſuch Amazement I was ſtrook,  
 (*Madam*) when firſt I read your Book,  
 To ſee your Sex with ſo great Parts,  
 Treat of all Sciences and Arts,  
 As if Inſpir'd i'th' Times of Old,  
 When Poetry all things foretold.  
 That *Waller*, *Denham*, and the *Wits*,  
 Who write ſuch mighty things by fits;  
 I did expect ſhould all at leaſt,  
 Have ſent in Presents to the Feaſt,

But

But that they choose to write no more,  
 Shews they're out-done and so give o're,  
 Though 'tis allow'd their luck was such,  
 They did Coyne Mettle that held Touch,  
 Like Min'ralists, they sprung a Vein  
 Of Oare, they could not long maintain;  
 Your Pregnant Brain does every day  
 Spring Mines of *Gold*, without allay,  
 The Drols you so Refine that we,  
 Only the purer Mettle see,  
 Yours is th' *Elixar* of true Wit,  
 Because it finds all Subjects fit.  
 Had *Spencer* liv'd your *Works* t'have seen,  
 You must have been his *Fairy-Queen*.  
 Great *Virgil* would have thought it due,  
 Not to name *Dido Queen*, but *You*.  
 And had you liv'd when *Ovid* writ  
 You'd been the Subject of his Wit;  
 He would have made a richer Piece  
 Of you, than *Helen* fair of *Greece*.  
 You've all that's blest in humane kind,  
 In outward form, and in your mind:  
 When you with Beauty do invite,  
 Your Virtue checks proud Appetite.  
 Some Ladys think they'r born in vain  
 Unless they Teem; your fruitful Brain  
 Brings better issue; here's the odds,  
 They please but Men, you please the *Gods*.  
 Strange Power 'tis you Govern by,  
 What Nature asks you can deny:  
 Great Miracie in what you do,  
 That can Charm Men and *Angels* too;  
 Th'honour and envy of our Age,  
 That write for Gown-men, and the Stage;  
 But Though



Though you speak to us in one Tongue,  
 You seem all Languages t'have known,  
 And Secrets to the World reveal,  
 As if the Gods did sometimes steal,  
 To tell you News, and from above  
 You knew all passages of Love,  
 We must conclude 'tis only thence  
 You can have your Intelligence,  
 By which our Knowledge you so raise,  
 You merit *Crowns*, that ask but *Bayes*.

---

*To the most Accomplish'd and Incomparable Princess,  
 The Dutches of New Castle her Grace.*

**M** Adam, 'tis you whom both in Form and  
 Mind,  
 Nature has favour'd 'bove all Female kind,  
 You have been constant from the first of Youth  
 To Friendship, Justice, Chastity and Truth,  
 Wit in your Childhood did begin to reign,  
 And like the Tide came flowing in amain,  
 Wherein such high Conceptions did lye,  
 As rais'd a new and true *Philosophy*.  
 Things *Natural* and *Moral* you have writ,  
 And both in *Scenes* and *Poems* shew'd your Wit,  
*Letters* and *Dialogues* declare your Fame,  
 In *History* you Eternalize the Name  
 Of your Dear *Lord*, when truly you relate  
 His Loyal Actions for the *King* and *State* ;  
 All this makes you admir'd and envied too,  
 'Cause you've done more than any yet could do,  
 In you the Glory of your Sex do's shine,  
 And all perfections in your Soul combine,

T t

What

What ever is thought Virtue's found in you,  
 Your mind is high, and yet 'tis humble too;  
 Not *Pride* (as *Envy* stiles it) but a Flame  
 More noble strives t'immortalize your Fame,  
 For you do stoop to those of low descent,  
 And with compassion to their Case resent,  
 Which Fortune Frowns upon: How can there be  
 A nobler Mind and nearer Deity?  
 Nay *Fortune* seeing how *Nature* favour'd you,  
 To her Perfections added Honour too;  
 Thus Honour, Beauty, Wit, and Virtue joyn'd,  
 Made you the greatest Wonder of your Kind,  
 Let none presume to draw your Picture then  
 For you surpass all th'art and Skill of Men,  
 Who e're looks on you with a stricter view  
 Sees Natur's chiefest masterpiece in You.

---

*To the Glory of her Sex, the most Illustrious Princess,  
 the Lady Marchioness of New-Castle, upon her  
 most admirable Works.*

**N**OW let enfranchiz'd Ladies learn to write,  
 And not Paint white, and red, but black,  
 and white,  
 Their Bodkins turn to Pens, to Lines their Locks,  
 And let the Inkhorn be their Dressing-box:  
 Since, *Madam*, you have Scal'd the walls of Fame,  
 And made a Breach where never Female came.  
 Had Men no Wit, or had the World no Books,  
 Yet here's enough to please the curious looks  
 Of Every Reader: such a General Strain,  
 Would reinstruct the School-boy-world again,  
*Philoso-*

*Philosophers* and *Poets* were of old  
 The two great *Lights*, that humane minds control'd;  
 The one t'adorn, the other to explain,  
 Thus *Learnings* Empire then was cut in twain.  
 But Universal *Wit* and *Reason* joyn's  
 To make you Queen: nor can your sacred Lines  
 Without a Paradox be well exprefs'd  
 Truth never was so naked, nor so dress'd.  
 Majestick Quill! that keeps our minds in Awe,  
 For *Reasons* Kingdom knows no *Salique* Law,  
 Or if that Law was ever fram'd 'twas then  
 When Women held the Distaff not the Pen.  
 The Court the City, Schools and Camp agree,  
*Welbeck* to make an University,  
 Of *Wit* and *Honour*, which has been the Stage,  
 Since 'twas your *Lords* the Heroe of this Age;  
 Whose Noble Soul is Steward to great Parts,  
 And do's dispence his Reasons and his Arts,  
 His *Wit* and *Power*, his *Greatness*, and his *Sense*,  
 With as much Freedom, and Magnificence,  
 As when our *English* *Jove* became his Guest,  
 And did receive a more than Humane Feast.  
 With *Arts* of *Wit*, he mixes those of Force  
 And *Pegasus* is his old Manag'd Horse.  
 No wonder he excells all other Men,  
 They but Nine *Muses* had, and he has Ten.  
 A Lady whose Immortal Pen transferrs,  
 To our Sex Shame and Envy, Fame to hers;  
 Whose Genius traces *Wit* through all her wayes  
 In abstruse *Notions*, *Poems*, and in *Plays*.  
 Then why should we the mouldy Records keep  
 Of *Plautus*, or disturb *Ben Johnson's* Sleep?  
 The *Silent Woman* Famous heretofore  
 Has been, but now the *Writing Lady* more.

*On the Dutches of New-Castle her Grace.*

M A D A M,

**W**Hilst others study Books, I study you,  
And can b'Experience this affirm for  
true,

Of all your Sex you have the greatest worth  
As ever yet these later times brought forth,  
And I have Studied many, and some such  
As former times could hardly better much,  
Your Soul so Spiritual it doth appear  
Fram'd for some Angel of a higher Sphere,  
However 'twas infus'd, I know not how,  
Into a mortal Body here below,  
Aspiring restlessly like Fire and Flame  
To mount again to th' Sphere from whence it came,  
So nobly active as it doth by Truth,  
As by the World the *Macedonian* Youth,  
As soon as y'ave o'come and Conquer'd one,  
You grieve there are not more to overcome,  
There being nothing so Sublime and High  
But you can reach in all *Philosophy*;  
Nor so profound and deep again, but you  
With ease, can dive and penetrate into,  
Your Virtues being so infinite, I find  
When I consider but your Soul and Mind,  
'Twere easier for me never to begin  
Than ever to give o're when once I'm in;  
Which whosoe'r should go about to tell,  
Might number all the Stars of Heav'n as well,  
The blades of Grass upon Earth's spacious Plain,  
Or Sands the Sea's vast Bosome does contain.

But



But as your greatest Beauties have their moles,  
 So some small faults are still in greatest Souls,  
 And I shall tell you, *Madam*, what they be,  
 T'acquit my self, o'th Crime of Flattery:  
 'Tis an Ambition above mortal state,  
 And Mind with Glory never satiate,  
 Without which Glory and Ambition  
 No noble Action yet was ever done,  
 So avidious and so Covetous of Fame,  
 As only for Eternizing their Name  
 They, as the *Phœnix* life to's young do's give,  
 Would be content to die that that might live.  
 But now I'll tell what my opinion is  
 Of Fame (and pardon if I Judge amiss:)  
 Fame's but a shadow of great action,  
 And but the *Eccho* of't when we are gone,  
 Than whose Trumpet no Musick is more sweet  
 Nor none's alive more pleas'd with hearing it,  
 But I do'nt know what pleasure I should have,  
 When I am dead with Musick at my Grave.

---

*An Elegy upon the death of the Incomparable Princess  
 Margaret Dutcheſs of New-Castle.*

**H**enceforth be Dumb, ye Oracles of Wit;  
 Ye humbly must to Fate submit:  
 How soon must ye decline! How low  
 must fall!

Since She is gone who did Inspire ye all?  
 Her Books are the best Patterns for the Pen,  
 Her Person was the best of Subjects too;

In Wit and Sense She did excel all Men;  
And all her Sex in Virtue did outgoe.

Though Grief affords some Eloquence,  
Henceforth expect but little Sense;  
For, since she's gone, all we can do  
Will but the Pangs of Dying-writers show.

V When the bright Ruler of the Day  
Th' *Horizon* of his Presence has bereft  
Some feeble streaks of Light are left,  
Yet darkness soon must come, and all that light decay.  
Our Sun's forever set, we have no hope  
Of this as of the other Sun's return:  
V Ve all in Darkness must forever grope,  
And we for ever must in Tears her absence mourn.

*Philosophers* must wander in the dark;  
Now they of Truth can find no certain mark;  
Since She their surest Guide is gone away,  
They cannot chuse but miserably stray.  
All did depend on Her, but She on none,  
For her *Philosophy* was all her own.  
She never did to the poor Refuge fly  
Of Occult *Quality* or *Sympathy*.  
She could a Reason for each Cause present,  
Not trusting wholly to Experiment,  
No Principles from others she purloyn'd,  
But wisely Practice she with Speculation joyn'd.

None was more good, and once none was more  
fair:

She was not as most of her frail Sex are;  
Who've Fruitful *Wombs* but Baren *Brains*,  
She left the best Remains:

Though

Though we no Issue of her Body find  
 Yet she hath left behind  
 The Nobler Issue of her mighty *Mind*;  
*Learning* she needed not, nor yet despis'd:  
 Though from herself all Arts she knew;  
 The truly Learn'd she nobly Patroniz'd,  
 And every Artist, she encourag'd too.

Let all her Sex fashion by her their Lives:  
 She was the best of *Women*, best of *Wives*.  
 T'her Lord Sh'was warme and loving as the Spring,  
 But to all others cold as Winters Ice,  
 Her sight on all a shiv'ring awe did bring,  
 And nipt, at first, all vain attempts of Vice;  
 But though in Love she bore a Noble pride,  
 She to each Skilful man of Art  
 Her Conversation freely doth impart,  
 And to all others civil was beside.

But we by praising thus provoke our Grief  
 Which never can expect Relief,  
 Nor can the most luxurious Praise  
 (Though penn'd with Art that might deserve the  
 Bayes.)

Nor all which we can think afford  
 Ease to her much lamenting Lord:  
 Whose loss does now by far outvye  
 All he yet e're sustain'd  
 Yet he once lost much more for Loyalty  
 Than any Subject, and much less has gain'd;  
 This noble half she left behind  
 Who by her much lamented death must find  
 Too great a Trial for the greatest Mind.

Oh

Oh what Expedient can there be  
 Found to support his Magnanimity !  
 The best of Husbands, and the noblest Peer ;  
 The best of Generals, best of Subjects too,  
 Whose Arts in Peace as well as War appear :  
 He knows how to advise, and how to do ;  
 His Prudence and his Courage might uphold  
 The most decay'd and crippled State,  
 And rescue it from the Jaws of Fate :  
 His Body may, but Mind, can ne're be old ;  
 Him she has left, and from our sight is hurl'd  
 And Gloriously shines in the true Blazing World.

*Thomas Shadwell.*

*An Elegy on the Death of the Incomparable Dutchess  
 of NEW-CASTLE.*

**I**F with due honour you would Solemnize  
 The great *New-Castle* Funeral Obsequies  
 Let every Science in close-mourning stand  
 About the Hearse, with Cypress in her hand :  
*Philosophy* herself shall hold the Pall,  
 (She's the chief Mourner at this Funeral )  
*Philosophy* which well the *Poets* drew  
 With *Womens* Features ; here we find it true,  
*Nature*, whose *Lovers* (in their Courtship rude)  
 Into her Privy-Chambers did intrude,  
 Out of her own Sex modestly one chose,  
 To whom her self she naked did disclose :  
 Who all her wonders did so well explain,  
 That she the only wonder did remain.

Let



Let *Rhetorick*, the pow'rful *Syren* there  
 Drest in her richest *Livery* appear;  
 Drest in those Robes which *Tully* to her gave  
 When the *Worlds* Mistress *Rome*, he made her Slave;  
 Or the strong Reason of *New-Castles* Books,  
 WVeav'd with the Charming softness of her Looks:  
 But yet her weakness let her here confess,  
 Her Silence best this Sorrow do's express.

The *Muses* Her in lasting Tears shall steep,  
 The *Graces* mourn, and *Comædy* shall weep:  
 And thousand *Cupids* sigh forth mournful Airs,  
 And wish for Eyes, to ease their Grief by Tears.  
 Let them their Bowes in sign of honour wave,  
 And with their Torches light her to her Grave.  
 Nor will they this attendance her deny,  
 Those Torches first were lighted at her Eye.  
 VVho now their un-arm'd Deities will dread?  
 Their Magazine is now demolished.  
 Yet did not her *Muse* kindle unchast Fires,  
 That Heav'nly *Cupid* Heav'nly Thoughts inspires:  
 No Kitchen-flames before her Beams would burn,  
 And wanton *Love* did to Devotion turn.  
 Thus *Sol* at once lifts up the Lamp of Day,  
 And warms at once, and bids the *Persian* Pray.  
 Great Issue of *Natures* united Pow'rs!  
 Glory of your Sex, and Disgrace of ours!  
 VVhich shall I call the greater Prodigy,  
 That you were such, or being such could Dye?  
 Did *Nature* fear lest that thy boundless Mind  
 For future search should nothing leave behind?  
 Or did you take this flight to Heav'n to see  
 How it with Thy fair Model did agree?  
 What're the cause; Joy rings through every Sphere;  
 And Heav'n more Heaven is since you came there.

None in it with more Native Lustre shine,  
 Or livelier do reflect the light Divine.  
 Such spotless Innocence in that Bosome lyes,  
*Eve* thinks she brought you forth in *Paradice* :  
 For that first crime left not a lesser trace  
 On any Breast of all her num'rous Race;  
 Excepting one, whom you sit next to there,  
 Who her Creator in her Womb did bear :  
 And with her too almost you may contend,  
 What He Created you did Comprehend.  
 Blest Soul, who dwellest in Essential Light,  
 Direct us lost in Ignorance, and Night !  
 Whilst we with grateful Off'rings, what before  
 We all admir'd, do humbly now adore.

*Knightly Chetwood,*

Coll. Regal. Cant.

In Obitum *Margarætæ Ducissæ Novo-Castrensis.*

**B** *Arbara jam fileat, fileat quoque Graia vetustas,  
 Nec jactet fidas Italia terra nurus :  
 Hanc unam attonitum non mendax Fama per  
 Orbem*

*Centeno potius debuit ore loqui :  
 Dulcè cavâ Sapphò testudine flebat amorem,  
 Sed nec pulchra satis, sed nèque casta fuit :  
 Hæc toto numeris animoque, & corpore constat,  
 Vita etiam castis consonat ipsa modis.  
 Arsit fida suum Letho quoque Portia Brutum,  
 Cæsaris at tinctus Sanguine Brutus erat :*

*Hujus*

*Hujus dum Regem sequitur per Bella Maritus,  
Per medios Ignes Ipsa sequuta Virum.*

*Mausolum epotum taceat Regina, sub imo*

*Viventem vivens Hæc quæque corde tulit:*

*Pensile nec Tumuli jactet;† monumenta Mariti* † Viram  
ejus descri-  
psit.

*Duratura magis condidit ista sui.*

*Natorum numero Niobe non provocet Illam,*

*Nec specie, Nobes quæ Dea stravit opes:*

*Bis septem è gravido, ceu Jupiter, Illa cerebro*

*Pignora dat; (decurt sic peperisse Deam)*

*Pignora ceu speculo totum referentia mundum,*

*Non nisi cum Mundo pignora digna Mori.*

*Ab! cur non placuit Tibi vivæ Academia sedes,*

*(Ceu \*Ducis) ut jactet nomine Granta tuo!* \* Qui fuit è

*Invidit sexus; jam Filia non potes esse,*

Coll. Jo-  
hannes Can-  
tabr.

*E Fama titulus nec foret ille Tuâ.*

*At dum pauperibus legâsti Scripta Camœnis*

*Ditia, dum Mammas exeris usque Tuas,*

*(Nunc eniam super Astra faves) Academia Mater*

*Te Matrem posthac est habitura suam*

Knightly Chetwood,

*Coll. Regal. Cantabr.*

Upon

*Upon the Death of the Illustrious and Incomparable  
Lady, Margaret Dutchess of New-Castle.*

1.

**D**Eath! thou hast done thy worst, we dread  
   not now  
 The threatnings of thy angry Brow.  
 By thy last victory we're hard'ned grown,  
 Learnt to despise thy malice, scorn, and frown.  
 Thy faucie Power is so great,  
 That we like Slaves are become desperate.

2.

Since brave *New-Castles* Dutchess thou hast slain,  
 We baser Mortals to complain  
 Think it a crime, dye we would rather all,  
 That so we might attend her Funeral,  
 VVait on her, when her Soul takes flight  
 Into the Mansions of Eternal Light.

3.

VVithin her Breast such throngs of Virtues grew  
 That they their Prison overthrew,  
 And being vex'd at this same sottish Age  
 VVhere dull Impertinence so much does rage,  
 Their Fetters broke they upwards hie  
 In hopes to find there better company.

4.

She scorn'd those trifles which her Sex adore,  
 VVhich they vain Fools do value more  
 Than inward worth, would not like them mispend  
 That little time which God to her did lend.

It



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It was her only business here  
To dress her Soul, and make it fine appear.

5.

Her pow'rful reason aw'd enticing sence,  
Taught Rebel-thoughts Obedience.  
VVhen stupid matter would unruly prove,  
Instructed it, more calmly how to move.  
External Pleasures she thought Sin,  
Compar'd with those Delights which dwell within.

6.

So vast a knowledge ne're was yet confin'd  
Within one single Woman's Mind.  
Her Fancy it was strong, so great her VV it,  
That nothing but her Judgement equal'd it:  
When e're she spoke the winged crew  
Of pretty Notions streight about her flew.

7.

What e're she pleas'd with ease she overcame,  
Learning before her time was lame,  
Nature was dress'd but slovenly till she  
Made it so spruce by her *Philosophy*.  
It heretofore in Tatters went,  
Is grown Gentile now, and can Complement.

8.

Had she but liv'd when blind Antiquity  
Call'd what it pleas'd a Deity.  
She would have quite engross'd the Worship Trade,  
*Jove* and his Kindred had been Bankrupts made.  
They must have Starv'd without Relief,  
Pin'd to Mortality, and Dy'd with Grief.

Y y

Rome

## 9.

*Rome* where Divinity was sold so cheap,  
 Who Temples built on ev'ry heap  
 Of dirt and rubbish, would have quickly sent  
 It's Mungril-Gods all into Banishment.  
 Told them 'twas manners to give place  
 To one of a more noble Heav'nly Race.

## 10.

How well did Providence her real worth  
 Declare to th'World and set it forth,  
 When it in ties of Holy Wedlock joyn'd  
 The best of Men to th'best of Womankind.  
 And suffer'd fair *Lucasia's* Charms  
 To vanquish and subdue the *God of Arms*.

## 11.

The mighty *Cavendish* could only prove  
 A Husband to the *Queen of Love*,  
 Heav'n would have had her sooner, 'twas in strife  
 Whether she should Dye first, or be his Wife.  
 At length resign'd its right to show  
 How much to his great merits it did owe.

## 12.

What Joy above at her arrival there?  
 The Angels crowd to welcome her.  
 And big with wonder all pay Reverence  
 Unto a Soul of so much Excellence,  
 A Soul so pure, so bright all o're,  
 That they the like had never seen before.

*To the Duke.*

**Y**Our pardon, Sir, if striving to express  
 Perfections which in her were numberless,  
 I vainly mine own weakness do betray,  
 And show how little foolish Rhithms can pay  
 To her vast Merits, which like th'Ocean stretch  
 And drown what e're dares come within their reach.  
 For if to tell of with due Praise her Fame,  
 And as I ought her Virtues to Proclaim:  
 She would have had me rightly understood  
 She must have been less *Worthy* and less *Good*.

*On the Death of the most Illustrious Princess, the  
 Lady Dutcheß of NEW-CASTLE.*

## AN EPITAPH.

**S**He's Dead, and here she lies; the vulgar cry:  
 Fools know not that great *Wits* can never dye.  
 She sleeps; nay, that's too much: As well could  
 she

Admit of *Death*, as such a *Lethargie*.

Yet say she Sleep, her very Dreams outvie

All our Grave Lectures of *Philosophy*.

Perhaps she Rests; 'tis time for her: but O!

What Fates attend her Rest poor Mortals know.

Tir'd with this World's Impertinence, she's come

For privacy to this Retiring-Room:

The place we call her Tombe, where she doth lie,

But 'tis her Closet, our great Library.

Howe're, she hath withdrawn her self from hence,

And our Wits Freez, rob'd of her Influence.

Like

Like breathless Statues, here we stand all dumb,  
 Not one wise word to set upon her Tomb.  
 The brightest Sun blind Moles must never see;  
 So she seems dead because we senseless be.  
 Her sprightly Soul, full of Æthereal Fires,  
 Up far above our *Regions* now aspires,  
 To seek new Game, since all things here below  
 Grew stale, and nothing left she did not know.  
 Her Phant'sies heat had scorch't all Subjects, hurl'd  
 The Universe into the Blazing-World:  
 And having nought out of her self do do,  
 She soon too active for her Body grew.  
 Spirits are not confin'd, out thence she flashes,  
 And leav's her house consum'd to these few ashes.  
 Puff then broil'd *Chymist*, wrangle out thy Fire,  
 Th' *Elixyr's* fled: and till thou canst inspire  
 These silent Ashes with new Forme, restore  
 Us such a *Phœnix* as we had before;  
 In spite of thy big words, we standers by  
 Shall call thee fool, and thy fine Art a Lie.  
 Be gone thou silly Poet, and invoke  
 The *Destinies*, thy *Muses* all are broke,  
 Cannot inspire thee longer, but by stealth  
 Out of her Books the *Muses Common-wealth*.  
 This Ladies learned Dust which here doth lye  
 Hath drunk thy boasted *Helicon* quite dry.  
 Bring, old and new *Philosophers*, your Art,  
 Rip up Dame *Natures* Bowels, pierce her Heart.  
 Alas, all's now too late, here's nothing left,  
 Her early Industry hath you bereft  
 Of all her Jewels, and your Wits at once;  
 And bids you this new title wear, *Grave Dunce*.  
 She could not else have gone to rest so soon,  
 Who never paus'd before her work was done.



All Natures Treasure in this Tomb doth lye,  
If you would find it, Fools despair and dye.

Here lies that noblest Lady, whose great name  
Hath choak'd the *Muses*, and hath glutted *Fame*.

A Name ! All Poetry is mute to hear it,  
This hardest Marble here doth sweat to bear it.

And did not yet the Sacred Ashes live,  
And better words to Stones, than Men have, give.

We could not know that here enclosed lies,  
The wonder of admired Mysteries.

Arts, Sciences, *Muses*, and *Graces* all  
Comprised in one Golden Manual.

If thou wouldst know more of her, search for it  
Amongst the many Wonders which she writ.

If out of those thou canst not spell and frame  
Th' illustrious Dutchess of *New-Castles* Name,

Thou hast but one help left thee, in a word,  
Consult the *Living-Oracle*, her Lord.

'Tis Treason against Wit for any one  
To speak her name at length, but him alone :

Seeing in him, and him alone, we find  
Whatever she of Wit hath left behind.

And VVit this Lady-Wonder shall survive  
VVhilst this great Prince of Honour is alive.

Yea, may He live, till we can weary grow  
Of all that Nature in one piece can show;

Wit might seem larger whilst in Two it shone,

'Tis stronger now contracted into One.

VVhilst by his Curtesy she had ingros'd

So much, the honour of our Sex seem'd lost :

Wit was *Hermaphrodite*, when One in Twain ;

But now 'tis only *Masculine* again.

*Clement Ellis*, Minister.

Tumulus Nobilissimæ, Illustrissimæque Principis,  
Margaretæ Ducissæ Novi-Castri.

**Q**uis Deus extremum possit prohibere dolorem,  
Cum Dea sublimi tendit in Astra fugâ?  
Pectore lacteolo condatur ferreus ensis,  
Et non purpureo Sanguine tinctus erit?  
Alta cadat Cedrus, nemorosæ gloria Sylvæ,  
Non tamen ad Cælos diriget ora fragor?  
Quid vetet, ut Sævi percussus imagine fati  
Non gemat, & nubes dissipet usque suas?  
Lampade victrici dum transfert Fœmina morti,  
(Fœmina, cui nomen non nisi gemma fuit,)  
Unica, virtutum comitatus, vita, salusque,  
Graviter officiis consuluisse suis.  
Hoc fuit innuptæ decus, observâsse parentes;  
Uxoris, Domini non violâsse torum.  
Non dolus aut ferrum, mollis facundia, nec vis  
Surripuit nuptam Conjugis è gremio.  
Sed sitiens mortis telum discordia fingit,  
Et, quod non poterant cætera fata, facit.  
Occidit illa, suis decus, omnibus altera Pallas,  
Deliciæ Musis, Cælitibusque comes,  
Nunquid in æternum vivet post Funera Virtus?  
Nunquid eruditi fama superstes erit?  
Qui poterit vivæ tolli virtutis Imago?  
Ardentem Pallas non superare rogam?  
Num febris calor insanæ præcordia vellit?  
Et Canis æstivus viscera cæca vorat?  
Nostrarum extinguet Lachrimarum copia morbum,  
Mortis & immerget spicula sæva dolor.  
Frigida Sublimem repetunt Cruciamina Mentem?  
Vitalesque auræ deseruere focum?

*En nostri in tantam Dominam flagrantia Zeli  
 Scintillas reparat, Religioque fovet.  
 Certè igitur fatis nondum concessit iniquis  
 Fœmina, quæ nullo crimine tincta fuit.  
 Non ita jam pridem divinitus acta Creatrix  
 (Unius est summi, posse creare, Dei.)  
 Ex nihilo finxit diversa volumina Cœli,  
 Mundum alium, stabiles fixit utrinque Polos.  
 Huic se transmisit Solio, quia pulchrior illi  
 Virtutum est facies, formæque lucidior;  
 Quàm quæ vel lippis vulgus dignetur ocellis;  
 Aut nostro immeritos præbeat Orbe dies:  
 Sic nimia Phœbus nè vi perstringeret Orbem,  
 In Clymenis gremium nocte silente redit.  
 Huc se transmisit, ne longa absentia Mundum  
 Jam tum constructum verteret in cineres.  
 Istum dura Fames torqueret, crapula nostrum,  
 Æquales si non tendat utrique manus.  
 Ne tantam invidiam pariat, quòd inhospita tecta  
 Linqat, pernici Pectore summa petens;  
 Hæc non contineat spatiosam angustia mentem,  
 Quæ velit influxum reddere utrique solo.  
 Indulsit nostris sua quæque Volumina terris,  
 Nunc alios Orbes hisce beare cupit.  
 Utque sciant omnes, quantum sciat omnia, sese  
 Transtulit, expressam Numinis effigiem.*

ANDERTON.

In

In Illustrissimam Dominam Margaretam, Novi-  
Castri Ducissam,

EPITAPHIUM.

**S**iste Paulisper gradum, Viator,  
Non longum moreris erit necesse:  
Legenti licet currere,  
Currenti licet legere,  
Utrique intelligere,  
Quod hic sita est  
Lectissima Fœmina,  
Domina Margareta,  
Neo-Castrensis Ducissa.  
Nobilitate verè Aulicâ,  
Eruditione verè Academica,  
Pietate verè Cœlicâ,  
Prædita & dotata.  
Animo virili, super sexum,  
Sapientiâ senili supra ætatem,  
Ingenio entheo, supra sortem,  
Afflata & imbuta.  
Quam licet ex hoc nostro discas Vixisse,  
In suis tamen scriptis edisces Vivere,  
Scilicet in Vitâ quam scripsit, Mariti,  
Suam quoque perpetuare.  
Quam licet Bona Opera,  
Moralia, Evangelica,  
Ad arces Cœlorum avolantem secuta sint.  
Literata tamen  
Philosophica, Historica, Poëtica,  
In Terris spirantem & commorantem referunt,  
Servabantque superstitem.  
Fuit  
Florentissimi Mariti, Uxor Splendidissima,  
Bel-



Bellicosi viri, Doctissima Matrona,  
 Armati Ducis, Togata Ducissa,  
 Quam si habuisset Socrates Uxorem,  
 Plato ejus Philosophiam, non literis mandasset.  
 Quæ si habuisset Cæsarem Maritum,  
 Ille non sua Gesta suâ manû scripsisset.

Illa ipsa { Socratis Dicta  
               { Cæsaris Facta                 } Enarrasset.  
               { Fideliter, Feliciter, }

Qualem si Martialis mordax speravisset sibi,  
 Nunquam non Doctissimam Conjugem optasset.  
 Quam modò, Historias omnes callentem,  
 Curtumque torquere Enthymema potentem,  
 Rebusque honestis Finem Ultimum imponentem,  
 Cumque Homero Maronem comparantem.

Utrumque imitantem,  
 Vidisset Satyricus, non frontem corrugasset,  
 Non intollerabilem Uxorem,  
 Sed Raram in Terris Avem, dixisset.

Vitam	{	In Aulâ Regiâ, Honoratam,	}	Egit.
		In Minervæ Castris, Eruditam,		
		In Ecclesiâ Dei, devotam,		
		Domi, Contemplativam,		
		Foris, Activam,		
		Piè, Placidè, Pacatè		

Mortem	{	Mortali natæ, Expectatam,	}	Obiit.
		Philosophiæ deditæ, non formidatam,		
		Ad Christianam spem vocatæ, exoptatâ,		
		Lætè, Tranquillè, Beatè,		

Quâ translata est

A meditatione purâ, ad Perfectam Visionem,  
 A creaturis contemplandis ad intuendum Creatorem,  
 A Poëtarum camænis, ad Angelorum Hymnos,  
 Ab Aulâ Terrenâ, ad Curiam Cœlestem.

*Libros Suos, sobolem Suam, ad utramque Academiam  
Misit, at ad dandam non capiendam doctrinam.*

*Quibus Bibliothecas publicas ditavit,*

*Quæ Ipsa Bibliotheca Animata fuit.*

*Opera illius fuere suum pretium,*

*Labores illius suum præmium.*

*Dedit, ut Herodotus unum Librum,*

*Singulis Musarum unum volumen.*

*Quæ cum sunt ingressa Bibliothecam Joannensem,  
(Solam nobis ex officio memorandam Bibliothecam)*

*Quàm densum obviam venit agmen salutantium ?*

*Quæ cum sua ibidem subsellia petebant,*

*Quàm grande fuit certamen locum cedentium*

*Vitam Conjugis, quam scripsit, ad suas Parallelas*

*Apposuit Plutarchus, & locum apparavit.*

*Philosophia, quam scripsit, se Veteribus adjungi*

*Modeste non dignata, ad Recentiores concessit.*

*Poëtas omnes singulosque unicè dilexit,*

*Omnesque singulosque suo ordine visitavit.*

*Indigna est loco isti catenâ alligari,*

*Ad quem sibi adeò liberè accessum rogavit.*

*Anima Ejus regnat in Choro Beatorum,*

*Corpus (vides) jacet hic in Choro Poëtarum.*

*Illa Ipsa,*

*Ut in Annulo gemma, utrobique refulget.*

*At Tu, quisquis es, Viator,*

*Orandus es Lachrymulis*

*Tuis, pro merito, novum*

*Heliconis hic Rivum dare,*

*Ubi Musis jam fecerunt novum*

*Tot Poëtarum tumuli Parnassum.*

Tho. Brown,

Coll. Joan. Cantab.

